THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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SALISBURY'S CALL.

His Address on the Irish Question Before the English Primrose League.

He Incites Ulster to Rebel Against Home Rule, and Congratulates England on the Apathy of Irish-Americans.

Following is the text of that portion of Lord Salisbury's speech which bore on Irish matters, before the Primrose League in London early in May:

I forget whether it was in this opera house or the other, but six years ago, before the last dissolution, when we were then in opposition, I remember our meeting and discussing the problem that was then before us. I think we were pretty well agreed that two things were necessary for the pacification of Ireland. One was a generous and enlightened consideration of her material wants, giving those openings to industry which might restore prosperity to the stricken portion of her population (cheers.) The other was a firm, impartial, continuous administration of the law, so that industrious men might know that their industry would be protected, and that they might safely invest their labor and money in the works of peace (cheers) Now, after six years we come back to you and ask whether our promises have been fulfilled (cherrs) The measures that have been taken for opening up and relieving the distressed districts of Ireland are, by the consent of all, broad, liberal and effective (cheers.) The administration of the law has been so impartial and so steady that gradually, month after month and year after year, the spirit of disorder has cowered before the spirit of law, and peace is now so restored to that island that the crime of boycotting simply does not exist (cheers.) Now, these measures have had this inconvenience, as I have already indicated to you, that they have so completely effected their object that their object has ceased to be important. When we speak to public meetings about Ireland they are rather inclined to wonder why we worry them about a matter which is no longer a question of practical concern. The work has been done, and they think that no further precautions are necessary. Unfortunately, we know there are men who are resolved to undo this work, and place the spirit of lawlessness above the spirit of law; undoubtedly, on that ground we have a serious battle to fight. It is our business to bring before each in his own sphere—to bring before those who have votes at the poll—the vital questions which are at issue, to warn them that the question of the integrity of the empire is not gone by, and that they cannot afford to subordinate it to any mere temporary and less important considerations. If you can effect that object and draw their minds away from that which is passing to that which is permanent your victory is assured, and I think we have every ground to hope that you will succeed in doing so (hear hear.) The state of opinion with which we have to deal is in many respects considerably improved since we approached the question six years ago.

MR PARNELL—

on whom I wish, as he has gone from us, to pass no criticism—was undoubtedly a much more formidable opponent than any man whom he has left behind. He had the power of bringing the American element into the agitation—the American element with all its wealth of individual energy and of financial assistance, and now that he is removed it seems to have fallen back into the old groove, and to resemble very much the conflicts between a portion of the people of Ireland and the people of this island, which have unhappily existed for many generations past It is an advantage that this formidable disturbing element has been removed. On the other hand we see that in Ireland the opinion of the loyalists is unabated and unchanged (cheers) The dissenting—dissent is an improper word in Ireland—but those Protestant churches who don't be long to the late established church—they take more keenly than they ever did before the view that their own position as individuals will be terribly and dangerously affected if this measure should pass into law, and all the hopes that are held out to them by their brethren in England of what the result of bringing back the present opposition into power may be—the disestablishment of English churches—these things are not sufficient to reconcile them to a change which will be a change from a condition of security and peace to a condition of constant danger and peril (cheers.) Well, then,

HAS ULSTER CHANGED?

Has that colony from this island, which has for two centuries maintained the cause of British unity—has that colony changed in its view or relaxed in its dread of the revolution which is threatened? On the contrary, the conviction of its danger appears to increase with every year, and I know no event more important, no symptom more menacing than the opinions which have been lately put forward by Ulster leaders, apparently with deep sincerity and full conviction of the responsibility which they involve (cheers)—the conditions with which Ulster has to struggle, and will have to struggle, if this change should take place, appear more clearly every day. Mr. Morley asks—"What have they to dread? Do they dread thumbscrews and the rack?" They dread being put under the foot of their hereditary enemies (cheers) I have been accused because I have used this language of attacking the Roman Catholic religion. Nothing is farther from my intention, and I never used a word which could fairly be twisted to that sense (hear, hear.) I utterly decline to recognize the inhabitants of the southeastern portion of Ireland as typical members of the Roman Catholic church (cheers), and I am the more justified in saying so because we know that the head of the Roman Catholic church—though, of course, observing in a strictly political matter the utmost impartiality—has strongly condemned the immoral agencies by which the agitation of Ireland has been brought about (cheers) I can hardly mention this subject without, in passing, expressing the gratitude which all must feel to that eminent authority, that the great position of influence which was occupied by the late Cardinal Manning is now conferred upon a man who is so deeply respected by all who know him, of whatever creed, or shade of opinion—Archbishop Vaughan (cheers); but I have condemned, and will always condemn, those who, holding

HIGH SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY,

and who are at the head of a great spiritual organization, use those weapons for purely secular objects in which no spiritual concern exists (cheers) Such men I would condemn, whether they were Protestantor, Catholic, Anglican or Calvinist, Mahometan or Jew (cheers.) Men who do that inflict a dangerous wound upon civil society, and fasten a profound stain upon the spiritual weapons which they use (cheers.) But we are told that there is nothing really to dread. Well, what the Ulster people have to dread is being put under the despotism of their foes. Is there a worse fate to be given to any men? Of course, if you choose the optimist view, which is to think that the despot under whose heel your neck will be placed is a man invested with every virtue of mildness and forbearance, of course you may believe that such a situation, though humiliating, will not be otherwise disagreeable (laughter.) But if the despot under whose foot your neck is placed represents an hereditary enemy, one who not merely from religion—I do not hold religion to be the greatest factor in the matter—but from race, and above all things from the events of a lamentable history, one toward whom and from whom there exists the bitterest feelings of hostility, there is no cruelty equal to that which you inflict upon a community by placing it under the absolute power of another community constituted under these conditions and animated by these feelings (cheers) Remember that everything, everything that an Ulster man holds dear, will be

IN THE HANDS OF DR WALSH

and his political friends. Everything—all the wealth which they produce, all their commerce, all their flourishing agriculture, all circumstances which distinguished them from the rest of Ireland will be at the mercy of the majority, over whom no check will exist. Is that not a terrible thing to which to condemn any man? Is that not a terrible reward for that fidelity to the British connection which these people above all have exhibited? How would you in this city of Westminster—how would you like it (if you can imagine such a thing)—if you were placed entirely under the control of men who for several generations past had been the bitterest opponents of your forefathers—of men who were separated from you by every consideration of race, creed, and history? If their power over you was complete, and if every officer, every judge, every policeman, every agent through whose touch the government of the country was in their hands, would you not count it a wrong if you were taken from a condition of safety and placed entirely at the mercy of their discretion? (Cheers.) Now, we know that this is not a mere speculative matter.

WHEN ULSTERMEN KNOW THE FATE

that is in store for them, and have made up their minds to meet it. I have heard many bitter and severe things said of them because they do not show unlimited submission to the possible determinations of some future parliament on this subject. I have been very much edified at the doctrines of passive obedience, which flowed so liberally from orthodox Liberal lips (laughter). I am a Tory (cheers), but yet I cannot accept in all their width these doctrines of unrestricted passive obedience. I believe that the title both of kings and of parliament to the obedience of their subjects is that those kings and parliaments should observe the fundamental laws and the fundamental understandings of the compact by which they rule. Parliament has a right to govern the people of Ulster. It has not a right to sell them into slavery (cheers). I do not believe in the unlimited and unrestricted power of parliaments any more than I do in the unrestricted power of kings. Parliaments, like kings, may take a course which, while it is technically within the legal limits of its attributes, is yet entirely at variance, and in conflict with the understanding of the institution by which they rule. James II forgot the law. He stepped outside his attributes. He stepped outside the limits of the spirit of the constitution, and we know how the people of Ulster met him. If a similar abuse of power, be it on the part of parliament or on the part of kings, should ever occur at any future time, I do not believe that the people of Ulster have lost their sturdy love of freedom, or their detestation of arbitrary power (cheers) But these things are decided, not on ethical considerations, which are very difficult to apply to such questions—they are usually decided by the consideration, whether resistance is likely to succeed, and that is a consideration which has its interests for us too (laughter). Whether the Ulstermen choose to put themselves against the rest of Ireland, and whether, if they do so, they will succeed is a matter for their consideration, but I cannot help seeing in the language of those who herald this approaching change a belief that

THE MILITARY FORCES OF ENGLAND

will be employed to subject the people of Ulster to Dr. Walsh and his political friends. Political prophecy is always uncertain, but I think I may venture to prophecy that any attempt on the part of any government to perpetrate such an outrage as this would rend our society in two. But these are speculations. What a terrible picture lies in the fact that we have to enter into such questions at all; what a terrible picture that unfolds before us! What a terrible division in our Empire which has hitherto presented an united front to the world! You call it a message of peace to Ireland. It is a message of religious civil war, and we must look at our share in the matter and see how far we are responsible for that civil war being brought about. Mr. Morley tells us that he laughs at the idea that the British elector will be affected by such fears. He may be right. It will depend very much on the exertions of the Primrose League and all who think with it whether he is right or not. But I am quite sure that unless you exert yourselves to prevent this hideous picture becoming a reality, unless you prevent his sinister prophecies from becoming true, you will bring about a result which will not secure home rule to Ireland. Many, many years of conflict would have to pass before that could be the case, but you would bring about a state of things which would destroy the credit and enfeeble the power of England in every quarter of the world (loud cheers).

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE KING OF TYRE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

The King of Tyre was sad at heart, as,
seated on a throne,
He crossed his legs, and smoked his pipe
in reverie alone;
His courtiers all had sloped pell mell with
yell and pillalu
Before the logic of a threat from the potentate's shoe!
And so alone—yes, quite alone, a dirge he
thus began:—
"Ye gods above, oh, pity me—I'm not a
happy man!

"I've drained the nectar of the lips, the
sweetest and most fair;
Some of my wives have raven locks, and
some have golden hair;
I've drained my cellars dry of hock, oh,
many a blushing vine
Poured forth its juice at my command to
furnish me with wine;
I've had the richest viands too—the dearest that were sold—
I've health and strength and—what is
more—I've bucketfuls of gold;
And yet, ye gods, who gave so much, give
still whate'er ye can,
And make me what I want to be—that is a
happy man!"

The monarch sulked. Blood curling whiffs
sped upward o'er his head,
He sobbed, he sighed, he coughed, he
sneezed, he wished that he were dead,
When lo! through the dim vapory haze a
vision old and grey—
A patriarch bowed unto the king, and thus
to him did say:
"Sire, I'm a legate from the gods, just
come to tell you how
The sun of bliss might condescend to
sparkle on your brow;
If you would be a happy man, give up all
luxuries,
And dine on salt and salad, a five-cent loaf
and cheese!"

The monarch grinned, but yet he bowed
unto the god's decree,
And laid his greasy pipe aside, and stroked
his royal knee—
He gave the sack to all his wives, he
locked the cellar door,
And woman, wine and luxury—they knew
him never more!
The king became a happy man; for now
by night and day
He sings his thanks to Love and Co., and
laugheth loud and gay;
And all because he's done with wines and
other luxuries,
And dines on salt and salad, a five cent
loaf and cheese!

Now ye who who strive for happiness in
mad Lucullan joys,
You'll very seldom find it, or if you do it
cloys.
Rough simple fare is oft the best, but if
you doubt i quire
Of the Falstaffian brawny knight, the
healthy king of Tyre.
He'll tell you that you can be all as happy
as you please
If you but dine on salad leaves, a five-cent
loaf and cheese!

The Grip

Leaves its victims very weak and debilitated. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed to restore the strength and vigor so much desired and to expel all poison rrom the blood.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

ORDER AND GOSSIP.

There is Sometimes Order in Disorder, Says Eleanor Kirk, and Proceeds to Prove It.

The Vice of Gossip and Back-Biting Among Women.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 23.—Mr. William T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, in a charming article called "My Experience in Phrenology," writes as follows concerning the faculty of order. It is plain that Mr. Stead has been treated to some adverse criticism in this regard, as many naturally orderly people have been before, and will continue to be, by those whose environment is so simple that they can successfully carry out their ideas and have plenty of time left to berate those who are not so situated. This is what he says:

"I have always felt that the judgment of my friends was very unjust, but I never understood how it was until Miss Fowler solved the mystery by asserting, much to my satisfaction, that I had the 'bump' of order highly developed, and that I could plan out things, and arrange for everything to be in perfect order at the beginning, but that my interests were so varied, and the amount of work that I was constantly undertaking so multifarious, that I would never be able to carry out my orderly plans; and hence, notwithstanding my faculy of order, I would always be more or less disorderly."

Let those who have struggled to keep their papers systematically arranged, their bills classified, their letters copied and answered, in the midst of constantly arriving correspondence, and the thousand and one things pertaining to important interests, not one of which could safely be lost sight of for a single hour, take heart. It is aggravating, as the writer knows from a painful experience, to be snubbingly informed that one has no faculty of order. And then how pious and important these critics look when they strike an attitude, as they all do, and remark that "order is heaven's first law." Not one of them seems to think that this quotation has ever been made before. "Anybody with average brains can put things in order," a lady who has nothing to do but arrange and re-arrange her bureau drawers, after the trimmings on her dozen or more hats, and go shopping, informed me not long ago, "but it takes a wise person to keep things in order."

"And you can keep things in order?" I inquired.

"Yes, I can."

"Then, of course, the inference is that you are wise woman. I am glad to have seen one."

She had the grace to flush a little, and from this I argued a capacity for evolution, albeit it may be slow.

One day last summer I called upon a famous literary man at his summer home in the mountains. As we had some business to transact he took me into his study. As we crossed the threshold my companion halted for a moment, and then in a most tragic manner pointed to his beautiful great desk in the corner. I noticed that the whole room looked as if it had just emerged from the hands of the sweeper and duster, so spick and span was everything.

"What is the trouble?" I asked in awe struck tones, for I certainly thought something terrible had occurred.

"Do you see that desk?" my friend inquired. "Do you see those chairs?"

"Yes, I see them.

"Well, when I went out for my drive two hours ago they were filled with manuscript and letters, all classified and arranged exactly as I wanted them, and some orderly idiot has come in here and cleaned up."

Never shall I forget the sorrowful accent upon those last two words. "Cleaned up" has meant since then a great deal more than it ever did before, and I feel very grateful to Mr. Stead, for his written experience on this point. I can supplement his testimony by the statement that the greatest apparent literary disorder is not infrequently the most perfect order, and that what may seem to the nice and uniterary housekeeper the most desirable condition, is simply "confusion worse confounded" to the brain worker.

Francis E. Willard says, that we should be divine optimists,

"Who rowing hard against the stream
See distant lights of Eden gleam
And know the dream is not a dream"

"This is beautiful counsel," a friend has just remarked, "but how can a woman be anything but a pessimist when she hears women constantly praising each other to their faces and berating them as soon as their backs are turned? If they cannot pull a woman's character to pieces, they attack her clothes and tear them to shreds, or they criticise her manners, or her friends. There isn't a woman's club in the country that isn't full of scandal and gossip, and how is any optimism possible, to say nothing of the 'divine sort?'"

There is but one way for conscientious and cultured women to deal with this element of scandal, and that is to live above it. Refuse to listen to tales of quarrels, or to be affected by hints and innuendoes. In this one respect it will be found very safe to follow the example of men, for while they may not as a class be governed by the loftiest motives in dealing with such matters, they are not often affected by floating scandals and treat the victims of them with a happy-go-lucky unconsciousness which is very refreshing.

ELEANOR KIRK.

698 Greene avenue.

A Great Story.

"The Scarlet Letter," Nathaniel Hawthorne's most celebrated story, and one of the most famous in American literature, up to a few weeks ago cost, in cheapest cloth binding, $1, or in paper 50 cents We have just received a very neat and thoroughly well made cloth-bound edition from John B Alden, Publisher, New York, which he sells for 20 cents, plus 5 cents for postage, if by mail; the same in paper covers he sells for 10 cents, postpaid. His catalogue of choice books, over 100 pages, which he sends to any one for 2 cents postage, is a literary curiosity, which every book-buyer ought to have, of course His publications are not sold by booksellers, but only direct. Address, John B. Alden, Publisher, 57 Rose street, New York.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Splendid Sport Last Sunday at the Practice Grounds of the Innisfails.

According to announcement the Innisfails held their annual competition for the all round athletic championship of the club on Sunday last, at their practice grounds, corner of Archer avenue and Thirty-fifth street. A large crowd of spectators were present and enjoyed the Gaelic sports with keen zest and enthusiasm. It was decided by the committee in charge that the three highest competitors in each event would get a place in the scoring, the highest being credited with three points, the next highest with two points, and the next with one point; then the member scoring the highest total of points for the entire nine events to be declared winner of the trophy and the championship of the club for the year 1892. Denis O'Leary was chosen referee, and James O'Callaghan and Michael O'Connell judges. Robert Ambrose and Edmond Wall were the starters, while Patrick Coghlan kept the score. The events were —100 yards race, 440 yards race, 1 mile race, running high jump, running long jump, running hop-step-and-jump, throwing 56-lb weight, place kick on football, and lifting and striking the hurling ball for distance. Quite a large number of members entered, but it quickly narrowed down to about half a dozen, and finally resulted in a tie between Timothy O'Sullivan and John Hedderman, each of whom scored exactly sixteen points, and which of those two is entitled to the trophy and the honor of the club championship for this year has yet to be determined. It is expected that those two members will contest the whole programme over again as the best method of deciding which is champion.

Although the grounds were rather soft for jumping or running still some good records were made, and the Innisfail club may well feel proud of the athletic talent displayed by its members. Justin White easily led in the long distance running, and but for a mistake he made in one of the races his total would be considerably higher than what it was. Edward O'Reilly also distinguished himself at running and jumping, but an unfortunate accident by which he sprained his ankle prevented him from further participation in the sports, although his chances seemed very favorable at the start. John Kerr also came very near the leaders in every event, his total being quite large at the end of the contest. As usual Capt. Martin led all competitors at kicking the football. On the whole it was a splendid day's sport, the exceedingly close contest between O'Sullivan and Hedderman creating great excitement, and the interest awakened in Gaelic sports by the holding of such tournaments should be an incentive to the other clubs of the association to go and do likewise, so that Chicago would soon be noted for the large number of Gaelic athletes within its borders, and the grand old sports of our ancient race would flourish once more as they did in days of old.

Struck on Religious Grounds.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., May 23.—A novel strike took place here today. One Slattery, who professes to be an ex-Catholic priest, accompanied by his wife, who claims to have been a nun, are giving a series of lectures here against the Catholic creed. The entertainments are advertised in a sensational and offensive way. The Slatterys are stopping at Watt's hotel, and last night Slattery had himself escorted from the hall to the hotel by a phalanx of friends and police, although no hostile demonstrations were made. Today at dinner the female cook and seven dining-room and chamber girls, all of whom are Catholics, refused to wait upon the table or otherwise minister to the wants of the Slatterys and left the hotel.

A Plea of Insanity

Cannot be urged in extenuation of the conduct of hosts of people who constantly inflict injury upon themselves, and lay the foundation for serious and disastrous bodily trouble by the use, in season and out of season, upon slight necessity and without discrimination, of drastic vegetable cathartics and poisonous mineral cholagogues—notably the various forms of mercury—to relieve simply constipation, a complaint remediable at any stage by the persistent use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This famous remedy never gripes, evacuates too copiously or weakens the bowels. If there is any other tonic aperient in or out of the pharmacopœia of which this can truthfully be said, we are unaware of it. Abandon the fatuous habit of dosing and use this benign regulator, which also sets right weakened stomachs and disordered livers. Rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, malaria, debility and kidney complaints are troubles all conquerable by the Bitters.

Havlin's Theatre.

It is with great pleasure that Manager Havlin informs the patrons of his popular theatre that he has secured for the week of Sunday, May 29, those two handsome and thoroughly capable actors, Frederic Bryton and Ralph Delmore, who will present for the first time on the South Side, Clay Greene's play, "Forgiven." This is advertised as a drama of intense human interest, and it is such in every particular. Mr. Bryton captures the audience in the role of Jack Diamond, and Mr. Delmore makes great fun as Daniel Peabody, the friend of Diamond. The supporting company is unusually strong, and the scenic effects superb.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY HARMON PRINDIVILLE.

Mary Spencer Harmon, born in England, was brought to Chicago fifty-seven years ago. In the first public school opened in this city she met Redmond Prindiville. Although only children, they became deeply attached to each other and at a later period they were wedded, the young wife having become a convert to the creed of her husband in consequence of the eloquence of the noted Catholic missionaries, Fathers Hecker, Walworth and others, who preached in chicago and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Prindiville. They had eleven children, of whom nine survive, two daughters and seven sons. After forty-five years of wedded life Mrs. Prindiville passed away Wednesday night in her 63d year, surrounded by her family. All her life a woman of gracious and noble character, generous, loyal, patient, her ambition was the happiness of her home, the welfare of her children, of whom a second generation has shared the family hearth. She found time to share in all works of charity and to contribute in means and exertion to many important undertakings. Her motherly influence extended over a wide circle, exceeding that of her immediate charge. She beheld the growth of Chicago from its paltry and feeble beginning to its glorious maturity, and no native of its soil felt keener pride in its progress and worth. Memorial mass for her peace was celebrated in the cathedral of the Holy Name Saturday morning at 9.30 o'clock. The funeral, which was private, was to Calvary.—*Herald, May* 20.

MR. HUGH SULLIVAN.

On Tuesday last all that was mortal of the late Hugh Sullivan was laid to rest at that long resting place, Calvary cemetery, after a short illness. The greatest consolation to his family, to which he was a good husband and father, is the hope that a happy eternity awaited him, like all others enrolled beneath the banner of Mary. Mr. Sullivan was borne to his last home by his brother sodalists, accompanied by nearly one hundred carriages which contained friends who regretted his loss, but were unanimous in offering a last tribute of respect. Mr. Sullivan was born in the parish of Knockbride, near Bailieboro, county Cavan, Ireland, emigrated at an early age, and has lived in Chicago for over a quarter of a century. He was a member of the Holy Family parish and the Married Men's sodality almost since its organization, therefore it is hoped he has not been lacking of that powerful protection of the Holy Mother of God. The pallbearers were Officer Henry Carraher, Messrs. James Traynor, John Clark, James Waters, Peter Sullivan and Philip Reilly, from the Married Men's sodality. *Requiescat in pace.*

MISS HENNESSY AND MRS. M'DERMOTT.

St. Thomas Court, No. 15, Catholic Order of Foresters, Hyde Park, at their last meeting, passed the following obituary resolutions:

Resolved, That we, the members of St. Thomas Court, extend to our reverend brother, Father Hennessy, of St. Columbkill's church, our most sincere sympathy in the sad bereavement which has befallen him in the premature death of a kind and loving sister, distinguished for her gentleness and piety.

Resolved, Also, that we tender to our well beloved brother, Mr. Thomas McDermott and his family, our heartfelt sympathy with their sorrow, in the loss of an exemplary wife and mother, Mrs. Margaret McDermott, who died at the family residence, No. 5536 Lake avenue, on the 15th, inst.

The resolutions were signed by the committee, Messrs. Thomas Mulvihill, John Mott and James O'Brien.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad. Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside Kilbourn City Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Wacninaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XIII.

"The candles are lit in the lonely glen;
The priest is vested, the clerk is there;
A stone for an altar, and women and men
Are gathering round in the midnight air—
Gathering up from the spreading vale,
Gathering down from the mountain pass;
This Christmas eve there are none who'll fail
To tell their beads at the midnight mass."

The place appointed for the celebration of mass that Christmas night was a very lonely and secluded one—just such a one as the early Christians might have chosen for the united practice of their religion in the days of pagan persecution. On the western shore of Lough Conn—not far from the old abbey of Errew, described in a previous chapter—stands, on a tongue of land projecting into the lake, St. Kieran's lonely ruined church of Addragoole (*Eadar gabhal*: "the place between two forks"), from which the parish containing it takes its name. The hoary ruin is in area about nineteen yards by eight, with a cut-stone doorway of sloping sides in the South side wall, and one tall gable covered with a thick matting of ivy. One sole event in history clouds the place with a gloomy and tragic memory. Here, in the sixth century, an episcopal claimant to the crown of Connacht, the holy Kellack, bishop of Kilmormoy, was struck down by the daggers of the four pupils, the Maols, or shaved-heads, who afterwards thrust his corpse for concealment into a hollow tree in a neighboring wood, where it was partly devoured by the kites and crows.

A remarkable place in many ways is Addragoole. There, not far from the old church, is the phenomenal well described as one of the "Wonders of Eri" in the Book of Glendalough: "its property is, with regard to the lake that is near to it, there are five feet in difference of height between them at all times. Whether the lake swells or sinks, the well imitates it at each chance continually." The well, surrounded by a wall of masonry, is called the Davagh-Kieran, or washing-place of St. Kieran, for crippled persons bathe their afflicted members in the water when performing stations here—Addragoole being a favorite pettitential retreat, particularly on Lady Day.

Here also are St. Kieran's Well, between the Davagh and the shore; St. Kieran's ash-tree; St. Mary's Well (Tubbermurry); St. Brigid's station—a small heap of stones with rude wooden cross standing in it; St. Muredach's station—he was first bishop of Killala; St. Patrick's station, with a rude stone cross bearing the dates 1714 and 1759; SS. Peter and Paul's—another heap of stones; and St. John's, still another heap at the foot of an ash-tree, with a small stone cross bearing date 1704—in which year Father Darby McNamara was registered pariah priest of Addragoole under the Penal Act of Registration, one of his sureties, or bailsmen, for "good conduct" being Walter Bourke of Carrow keel, whose estates lay in the neighborhood.

From such a number of quaint "stations"—all monuments of the devout piety of the Irish peasant—as well as from those rudely carved dates, may be inferred the importance of Addragoole as a penitential resort even in the days when a few prayers at a holy well might be legally punished with a fine or with the lash.

Not very far from St. Kieran's Well lies, to the westward, *another* remarkable one, "the well of the Fenians"—Tubbernavine—near the humble birthplace of the celebrated Archbishop MacHale.

Very cheerless and bleak was the aspect of Addragoole at the solemn midnight hour of that Christmas eve. The snow hung its dense veil over Lough Conn, and out from the bleak, chilly, cavernous depths of the sky came the multitudinous white flakes, whirling and floating down upon stone cross and ruined well. Along the jagged walls of the church, in every window aperture and every fissure, lay patches of the spotless shroud of the year. The ivied gable gleamed forth in a white network; the old ashes, their naked boughs heavily laden, stood forth like wan skeletons in the darkness.

A very picture of dreary solitude and desolation was Addragoole at that late hour of the wintry night.

But presently a feeble light glimmered in the neighborhood of the ruined church and several dark forms appeared, on the little promontory. These were soon joined by others, who came in ones and twos and even in dozens, their muffled figures issuing like spectres from the snow. Then in various directions across the dark water of the lake came the rumble of oars in rowlocks and the plash of water, as boat after boat glided up to the headland to debark its human cargo. Very soon a considerable throng of people, men, women, and children, darkened the vicinity of the ruin, awaiting the beginning of the Holy Sacrifice.

The necessary arrangements and preparations were soon made. Scouts were posted in various directions to keep watch for the possible approach of an enemy. The altar, a rude stone slab, bearing a crucifix and two lighted candles, was overhung with a canopy of sheets to keep off the snow and prevent a sudden gust of wind displacing any sacred particles. The sacred vessels and the missal were placed on it; the priest, an aged man, with hair like the falling snow, donned his vestments; the clerk, a young man in peasant garb, tinkled a small bell; the congregation knelt down upon the snowy ground, and the penal midnight mass was begun.

Scarcely was the first *Dominus vobiscum* pronounced by the venerable clergyman when the snow shower ceased, the air grew clear, and a pale wintry moon showed its crescent from behind a heavy bank of cloud.

Solemn and impressive was the spectacle upon which the faint rays of moonlight descended: the lighted and white-draped altar beneath the shadow of the church ruin, the hoary, vestmented priest, the silent, devout throng of worshippers kneeling in the wintry air, kneeling on the chilly ground. If ever there was evidence of the simple, earnest piety of the Irish peasantry, of their ardent and unquenchable devotion to their faith in the fell reign of the penal laws, here it was in that hushed midnight congregation prostrate in supplication on the secluded shore of Addragoole.

The gospel being reached, the priest turned and aderessed the congregation. His words were few and simple, and his voice broken at intervals by his own emotion, but the effect of them was deeply felt in every breast; every warm Celtic heart there was stirred to its inmost core.

"Ours, my children, is a sad and piteous lot; ours is a lot of woe and gloom and tribulation. The hand of the prosecutor is raised against us. Our altars are overturned and profaned, our hearths are made desolate by the spoiler. Our race is degraded—enslaved; the faith of our fathers, the faith of St. Patrick, is mocked and trampled on. Here on this holy Christmas night—this night that the Bethlehem sky rang with the beautiful angel chorus, with the blessed words of peace and joy to mankind—we meet by stealth in the winter snow, in cold and darkness, to raise our united prayers to God. Bleak and sharp is the wind, my children, and chilly and sodden the ground, but think on the sacred memory of the night—on the houseless Virgin Mother, the cheerless stable, the poor manger—think also on the sufferings of Him who is now about to descend into our midst. Oh, ours is a deathless race! ours is a deathless faith! and race and faith shall yet shine glorious in our dear isle, when the dark time of trouble shall have an end. Then raise up your fearful hearts to the stainless Lamb, and pray that He may this holy night send His benediction upon the persecuted children of Ireland."

A fervid outburst of sobbing and wailing, which momentarily grew greater, arose from the congregation as the old soggarth concluded. Many were the clasped hands raised entreatingly towards heaven, many the tearful, outspoken prayers that arose in earnest unison on the night air, many the forms that swayed to and fro in the intensity of full-hearted emotion.

That scene symbolized the agony and distress of a stricken people; that mournful night-wail was the lament of a prostrate, helpless, and oppressed nation.

Fergus O'Ronan, kneeling amid the crowd, was amazed at the sudden change that had come over Miler Barrett, who was kneeling in the snow a few yards from him. Those of the congregation who recognized the Rapparee looked on his presence with surprise, for the stern and desperate man whose hand had sent nigh a dozen friends of the "Sassenach" to their last account was not much given to attending religious devotions of any kind. To some he actually seemed there like a wolf among lambs—and of this he was himself pretty conscious.

"Yes, I will go to mass tonight," he had replied to Fergus in reply to an inquiry of the latter, "though 'twill be the first time for many a year for me to kneel before an altar. But I fear," added he with a frown, "if the soggarth should get to know of my being there he would denounce me to the people, and I would not like that."

A look now assured Fergus that the Rapparee's swarthy cheeks were wet with tears; but he was able to assign cause for his emotion when he perceived that ever and anon his eyes wandered to the form of Aileen Crean.

The latter was kneeling beside the Widow O'Ronan, with whom she had crossed in her father's boat from Annagh more. The hood of her cloak had fallen backwards, revealing the coiled masses of her black hair, and the neck that gleamed like snow beneath them. Her upraised hands clasped a rosary beads, and her graceful head was bowed in rapt adoration. So pure an good and beautiful she looked that Fergus thought he could well under stand the emotion of Miler-na-Gleana, could well guess the nature of the thoughts that were surging in his rugged breast.

Only for a few moments did he notice the emotions of Miler; the next he returned to his own devotion.

Yet the incident was to recur to him vividly afterwards, when he would ask himself had the Rapparee been visited with a premonition of the gloomy and fatal event that was then so fearfully near at hand?

The mass went on; the solemn words of consecration were spoken; the bell tinkled and the Host was upraised in the wintry night air, while the light of the candles glimmered on the sign of Redemption and played on the wan and worn countenance of the soggarth.

But suddenly, as the celebrant was repeating the touching words of the "Agnus Dei" a shrill whistle sounded weirdly on the air, followed immediately by another and another.

The kneeling people sprang by common impulse to their feet and looked at each other in alarm and dismay.

"Fly, fly!" cried a voice through the darkness; "Canwore and the redcoats are upon us!"

GAELIC POETRY.

Cat Haarl Ui Fhloinn.

LE DOIMINIC MHAC OSCAIR.

(Doiminic Beag.)

Bhi cat ag fear darab ainm Hanri O'Floinn a chuaidh air iarraidh uaidh; bhi práinn mór ag Hanri 'san g-cat, agus mheas an file go rachfadh sé féin d'á thórnigheacht. Ag so mar chur sé síos beusa an chait agus an iorgaireacht a rinne sé air. Do cumadh an dán so timchioll ceithre fithchid bliadhain ó shoin.

Ní fheudaim-se seasamh ro-fhada 'san áit so
Go d-téidh mé air fháirneis cháit Hanri Ui Fhloinn;
Tá'n aimsir d'a chaitheamh bh-fuil subháilce i n-dán dúinn
Teacht na Féil' Mártoin, deoch agus greim.
Mí dheunfadh sé Carghas le bainne na b-páiste
Fuigheallach an táilliuir, no greim beag de'n im,
An fhuiseoigín rambar chois cialdhe nó fál,
An geirrfhiadh 'san bh-fásach no'n breac air an linn.

Deanfadh sé seilg ó thiocfadh an oidhche
Dá m-beidheadh fearthann a's gaoth ann, sneachta 'gus reodhadh;
Mharbhó'adh se an fheadóg, an lacha, 'san naosg
An t-eun circe fraoigh, agus buidheog an óir.
Bric agus easconna air abhainn na Daola,
'S air an Tráigh Bhuide do leagfadh sé an rón,
An ronnach, an mangach, an mus-mhara 'san, fiogach
A's bhéarfadh chum tíre 'steach an miol mór.

Mharbhó'adh sé an roilleach, an loundubh, 'san chéirseach
A's bíodh siad ag éirighe 'san aer ós a chionn,
Bhéarfadh greim loisgaid air shionnach na péice
Dá d-téidheadh sé de léim amach air an toinn
Bhéarfadh sé an stail leis, d'á aimhdheoin air éigin,—
A's bíodh sé ag léimnigh—air ghreim mullaigh cinn,
D'ólfadh an braon bainne, 'gus lighfeadh a bheul.
'S nach iomaidh sin tréithre i g-cat Haarl Ui Fhloinn.

Chuartuigh mé Acuill thart cnoic agus máma
Chugad lé fánaidh muir agus tír
Tháll air an Tearman mar bhi Seághan MheFháidía,
A d-teach Fhádraig Ui Mhuláthaill chodail mé an oidheh'
Thart Baile-an-geata 'gus mullach an Chairn
Síos Gleann Lára a's Seanachaidh aris;
Casadh liom Carson ag fearsad Bhárr Thrághadh,—
Thug sé dham fáirneis a's cuireadh chum bidh.

"Bhi mé air an margadh seachtmaine ó'n Márt so,
A d-teach Sheághain Bháin a chodail mé an oidheh';
Chonnaire mé an cat sin 'gus srathar air fásgtha
A's péire cutwaters leis air a thaoibh.
Phreab sé gan ceannaire air mhullach an ársa,
Briseadh an t-sár-ghad—ní raibh ionati acht tuighe;
'Sé Cathaoir O'Gallchabhair chuaidh '—'gan lámh air,
'S ddbhairt Mr. Ball nach m-buailfeádh sé faoi."

Cuirfidh mé Cathaoir 'san m-barra faoi Lughnasa,
'S Carson go dtí th thall ós a chómhair;
Muna bh-fuigh sé deágh-theastas ó cheannfairt na cúige,—
Ní fulair dhó eid maith i b-pointe d'á shórt.
Muna d-tugaidh sé an cat sin i láthair na cúirte
Cho h-aigiontach, láthmhar, 's cho rambar le rós,
Béidh ropa faoi bhealadh ag fear air a chúlaibh
Le fásgadh go dtí th thall air a scóig.

Bhi Cathaoir breoighte nuair rinneadh an méid so shuas, agus air g-cíos sin do Dhoiminic, le faitchios go tógfadh air é, chur sé an cheathramhadh so eile leis:

Nuair a mhair againn na sean-daoine bhíodh
Aonsan líne bh-fuileamar ann,
Gráidh agus carthannas eatorra bhí,
Cairdhíse Críosta, sugradh, a's greann.
Mar q-geall air na gnothaibh so, éist-so a chlaonfainn,
A charad mo chroidhe, no go g-caillfinn an ceann.
'S dar brígh mo charbhata, a Chathaoir na díse
Glacfad uait saoradh a g-cat Haarl Ui Fhloinn.

"The wolf is in the fold, my children," said the priest, turning to his flock. "Fly and save yourselves. May God bless and guard us, and deliver us from our enemies!"

Immediately there was a hurried stampede of the alarmed people. Wives clung to their husbands as they fled, affrighted parents called frantically upon their children to accompany them. Some hurried away across the snow covered fields, others took to the boats. Mihaul Crean's boat waited for the priest.

The latter placed the sacred vessels in a box for the purpose, and the clerk rushed down with them to the boat. Then he calmly but swiftly proceeded to take off his vestments. With ready hands he divested himself of his chasuble, but as he stood distinct in the moonlight, his figure clothed from head to foot in his white alb, there was the flash and report of a musket in the darkness, and the devoted soggarth fell a corpse beside his humble altar!

Right nobly had he earned the martyr's crown which his pure soul now sped to receive.

"Great heaven, he is dead!—and here come his murderers. Jump in, O'Ronan—quick or we are lost; there is no need to wait for the poor soggarth *now*!"

Fergus did as old Mihaul commanded him, and the boat pushed off from the now deserted shore—from the white-canopied altar on which the lights were still burning, from the still and lifeless body of the slain pastor.

The boat was heavily laden. Among a group of females huddled in the stern were Aileen Crean and the Widow O'Ronan. There was some difficulty in shoving off; as for the other boats they were already well out on the lake. They were but a few yards from the shore when they saw a low-built man rush gun in hand to the altar and bend over the still, white form that lay beside it. He was immediately followed and joined by several other men, apparently soldiers, their helmets and weapons flashing in the dim moonlight.

"'Tis Canwore," Fergus heard a voice exclaim in vengeful accents beside him, and, turning, he saw the barrel of a pistol gleaming in the hand of Miler-na-Gleana.

"Fire not, for heaven's sake!" he entreated the latter.

"Why not shoot the murderer?" sternly inquired the outlaw.

"If you fire they will fire on us in return."

"Do not fire, Miler," persuaded Aileen, and the pistol was silently put out of sight.

But now the priest hunter and his band came hurrying down to the water's edge.

"Come back," yelled Ormsby, "if ye don't want to meet the death of your soggarth. Come back, or we shall shoot ye like dogs!"

"Return at once, or I shall order my men to fire," called out a second voice; and Fergus started, for he recognized the tones of Lindsay.

"Pull, boys! pull, for your lives!" exclaimed Mihaul Crean earnestly, and the men redoubled their exertions to increase the distance between them and danger.

There was a flashing and cracking of muskets along the shore, as the miscreant soldiery poured a volley of bullets after the boat, and then the piercing shriek of a female rang loud over the water.

"Oh, Aileen! Aileen mavourneen, have the fiends wounded you?" moaned Mihaul, as he bent towards his daughter and supported her drooping form in his arms.

"Aileen! Aileen!" almost shrieked the Rapparee in the violence of his sudden anguish.

He gently assisted her father to support her, but as he placed his hand on her side she drew it away with a shudder. He raised it to his face to examine it, and saw that it was dripping with blood.

Fergus O'Ronan saw that gory hand in the moonlight, saw also the ghastly, despairing look of the face that bent over it, and never to his dying day could he forgot the weird mental impression made upon him by the sight.

"Row, boys, row!" he exclaimed, for there were bullets still whistling over their heads, and one had grazed his own neck.

"Here, gossoon! take this oar or we are lost," cried a man to him; "I have a bullet in my arm."

Fergus did as he was desired, and pulled away with a will.

"Is there anybody else hurt?" he inquired, when they got out of the range of the fell marksmen on the shore.

"No, thanks be to the Lord, alanna," responded a female from the stern of the boat; "but sure 'tis harm enough there's done as it is."

Mihaul tenderly pillowed his daughter's head on his bosom, and every effort was made to staunch the life-drawing wound in her side. But an ominous marbly pallor had overspread her countenance, the heaving of her shapely bosom grew almost imperceptible, and her breath came fainter every moment.

"Pray for me," she feebly moaned, and her pallid lips moved almost continuously in prayer. "Good bye, father—Miler——"

The Rapparee held her head in his, and kept his agonized gaze riveted on her face. Just as the keel of the boat grated on the strand of Annaghmore he sprang with a wild cry to his feet.

"She is dead! dead!—and there will be no second saving of her from the coffin. Oh, Aileen—my lost Aileen!"

His words were but too true. It was but the lifeless clay of the lovely maiden of Annaghmore that was now taken from the boat and borne into her father's house.

"Come, mother—let me help you ashore," said Fergus when the sad work of lifting the slain girl's body from the boat had been accomplished.

"She has been very silent during the journey," remarked one of the women. "Your son calls you, Mrs. O'Ronan."

But at her touch the form of the widow slipped sideways from the seat she had occupied, and lay in an inert mass at the bottom of the boat. When they took her up they found that she had been for some time dead, a musket-ball having passed through her heart.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

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A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

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With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

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[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

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[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout." the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. the story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

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[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

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AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

PRICE: Full Cloth, $3.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

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If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

THE FOREIGN BUDGET.

News Notes and Gossip from Across the Sea.

ROYALTY CELEBRATING AN EVENT.

Handsome and Costly Gifts Received by the King and Queen of Denmark Upon the Occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Their Wedding—The Aged Couple Enjoying the Best of Health—The Czar and Czarina Present.

COPENHAGEN, May 24.—The celebration of the golden wedding of the King and Queen of Denmark began Tuesday when the members of the royal family attended holy communion at the residential palace of Amalienborg. The Empress of Russia who arrived Monday with the czar has procured a unique and splendid present

KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.

for her father and mother. The present consists of a team of six horses, perfectly white and of the rarest breeds. In order to get the six together the imperial studs all over Russia had to be searched and the gift is said to be one of the most beautiful and most costly ever offered to a European monarch.

Another Beautiful Gift.

Besides this gift of the czarina, the ruling families of Russia, England and Greece will make a magnificent joint present to the King and Queen of Denmark. It is a group of sculpture by the Danish artist, Husselrus, and will later on be placed in one of the public squares of the Copenhagen. On a granite pedestal is a bronze figure representing Denmark, surrounded by bronze lions bearing the shields of the imperial house of Russia, the imperial and royal house of England and the royal house of Greece. Around the pedestal are bronze medallions and portraits of the fifty-one children and grandchildren of the royal couple.

King Oscar Absent.

Danes in various parts of the world have sent presents to the king and queen. The gift or these residing in Italy is a magnificent vase nearly nine feet high. One of the principal artists of Naples was engaged for nearly six months in painting the vase. King Oscar of Sweden being absent in the south of France, is represented at the golden wedding by Prince Charles of Norway and Sweden. King Christie extended a hearty greeting to the ex his arrival at the palace. The remarkably vigorous, althou age. He married Louise, Landgrave William of Hes 1842. Queen Louise is also f though a few band

The com

Princesses Victoria and Maud, arrived to attend the golden wedding of the King and Queen of Denmark and were received with marked tokens of affection by the royal couple. Already the city has taken on a holiday appearance and the harbor is filling with ships. A British squadron is hourly expected. The French North sea squadron and vessels belonging to the Russian, Austrian, Italian and Turkish navies will take part in the demonstrations.

The Czar Writes to the Kaiser.

BERLIN, May 24.—General von Richter, chief of the military household of the czar of Russia, has arrived in Berlin with an autographic letter addressed to the kaiser. The letter is said to be conciliatory and even fraternal in language, and is evidently intended to atone for the failure of the czar to visit the kaiser on his way to Copenhagen, as the czar had originally intended.

May Pardon Mr. Deacon.

PARIS, May 23.—It is said that President Carnot will probably pardon Mr. Edward Parker Deacon on July 14, the anniversary of the fall of the bastile, and that therefore no appeal will be taken by Mr. Deacon from his sentence to a higher court.

Louisiana Item.

BASTROP, May 24.—A most peculiar murder and a most peculiar lynching occurred here Sunday. One man committed the murder and one man did the lynching with the assistance of the murderer. S. C. Brigham, manager of a plantation on Island De Siard, was shot from ambush by an old negro. The negro then walked to the plantation residence, summoned Colonel Phillips, the owner, and told him he had killed Brigham and wanted to be hung for it. Colonel Phillips put a rope around the negro's neck, pulled the rope over the limp of a tree, and the negro was soon swinging in a death struggle. It is thought the negro was insane.

Indian Territory Republicans.

SOUTH MCALESTER, May 24.—The territorial convention of the Republican party was held here Monday. The delegates elected to the Minneapolis convention are as follows: Ridge Pascol, a full-blooded Cherokee, who heads the delegates of Tahlequah; John S. Hammer of Ardmore; alternates, J. W. Roberts of Anderson, F. Genung of Muskogee. One of the alternates is a negro. The delegates were uninstructed but are for Harrison.

Eloping Couple Arrested.

DETROIT, May 24.—Edward A. Oaks, manager of a theatrical company who eloped from Pittsburg two weeks ago with Emma Miller, a 17-year-old soubrette, was arrested here Monday. He is charged by the Pittsburg police with taking some of the company's money. The girl was also arrested but was turned over to her mother who resides in Philadelphia, and who had traced the couple here.

No Fusion in Kansas.

TOPEKA, May 24.—It was announced here Monday that there would be no fusion on state offices between the People's party and the Democrats. This action was decided Saturday when at a score of conventions held in Kansas resolutions for fusions were overwhelmingly voted down by both parties.

DEATH OF A VANDERBILT.

William H., Eldest Son of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Called to the Unknown.

NEW YORK, May 24.—William H. Vanderbilt, eldest son of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has been suffering for some days past of typhoid fever, died Monday night at 10:15 o'clock. He was surrounded by his father, mother, and brother and sister when he passed quietly away. Young Vanderbilt had been very weak all of the earlier part of the day, and was gradually recovering from the effects of the hemorrhages of the stomach. Dr. McLane was with him at the time. He apparently rallied from the attack and then went to sleep. His sleep was a perpetual one, for he never awoke. For that reason the exact time of his death is in doubt, but it occurred some time between 10:15 and 10:35 o'clock.

Inherited $1,000,000.

He was taken ill on May 4, at New Haven, at that time very seriously. As there was no typhoid fever in New Haven at the time it is supposed he contracted the disease while on a trip through the western states during the Easter holidays. The dead man inherited by the will of his grandfather, William H. Vanderbilt, $1,000,000, the income of which was to be converted to his use when he attained his majority, and the principal to be placed to his credit when he became 30 years old.

Death of General H. F. Sickles.

MONTE VISTA, Col., May 24.—General H. F. Sickles, 62 years old, died at his home here from stomach and liver trouble. He entered the service in 1861, and for a long time commanded the Eighty-eighth Illinois regiment. He was wounded in the battle of Pea Ridge and after his recovery joined Sherman's army and went with him on his march to the sea. Afterward he was military governor of South Carolina. He was a member of the Illinois legislature for several years.

Obituary Notes.

Colonel CHARLES A. BROADWATER, wealthy citizen of Montana, at Helena.

ALBRECHT LIEBER, prominent German citizen of Chicago.

JOHN R. BUCHTEL, founder of Buchtel college, at Akron, O.

"BOB" ALLEN, the minstrel and banjoist, at Chicago.

EXECUTION AT PITTSBURG.

The Murderer of Samuel Early Hanged for His Crime.

PITTSBURG, May 24.—Patrick Fitzpatrick, the murderer of Samuel Early, was hanged in the county jail yard at 11:04 o'clock Tuesday morning. The march to the gallows started at 10:52. Fitzpatrick, who walked with a firm tread, was accompanied by Rev. Father Griffin, his spiritual adviser, and another priest. On reaching the scaffold he engaged in prayer for ten minutes. At the conclusion of his devotions the condemned man ed stepped into position upon the p doors, and said in a loud voice: e all young men to let liquor

The Fatal Drop.

riff stepped forward to adjust nd cap. As the rope fell about Fitzpatrick visibly shuddered, out: "Hold! Hold." His knees violently. The sheriff hastened preparations and quickly pulled ge, releasing the trap bolts. The doors swung back noiselessly and the body fell three and one-half feet. There was a brief struggle, and at the end of nine minutes life was extinct. The condemned man died of strangulation.

Fitzpatrick's Crime.

On the night of Sept. 24, 1891, Patrick Fitzpatrick and Samuel Early quarreled in a saloon on Eleventh street. Fitzpatrick was ejected from the barroom. Hiding behind the screen door Fitzpatrick waited until Early came out, when he assaulted Early with a knife, plunging it into Early's groin, inflicting a wound from which Early died in a few minutes.

Blackmailing Case Settled.

BUFFALO, May 24.—The celebrated Truth-Taylor blackmailing case has been disposed of. The sentence of Judge Titus is that George M. Hausauer, Karl Rodenbach, Louis H. Plogsted and George Candler pay a fine of $100 each and in default of payment be confined in the Erie county penitentiary at the rate of one day for every dollar of the fine remaining unpaid. H. L. Taylor, the plaintiff, lately deceased, was a millionaire oil producer. The proprietors of Truth sought to obtain money of the plaintiff for suppressing the story of his alleged diversions.

Charged with Forgery.

CHICAGO, May 24.—Charles E. Lewis, a young man whose father is said to be a member of the wholesale dry goods firm of Lewis & Thompson at Cincinnati, O., was arrested here on four warrants charging him with forgery. It is said by the police that Lewis has passed a large number of forged checks since his arrival in this city three weeks ago from New York. The four warrants on which his arrest was effected were sworn out by Mrs. R. L. Arnold, Charles J. Walters, a real estate dealer, and Frank Wing, a saloon keeper.

Mr. Lacey Will Accept.

CHICAGO, May 24.—It is practically settled that Comptroller Lacey will become president of the Bankers' National bank, an institution with $1,000,000 capital, which will open for business July 1. Mr. Lacey was present Monday afternoon at a meeting of the promoters of the enterprise, and stated his willingness to accept the presidency if the details of the bank's organization were satisfactory to him.

Cumberland Presbyterians.

MEMPHIS, May 24.—At the session yesterday of the Cumberland Presbyterians a proposition to have all branches of the Presbyterian church consolidate mission work in Japan under the title of the "Church of Christ," was protested against by a Kentucky presbytery. The matter was discussed without action.

The Relay Bicycle Race.

CHICAGO, May 24.—General Miles, in speaking of the results of the relay bicycle race to New York, said he would be pleased to have the performance repeated, suggesting that the start be made from New York to cover the same ground again, when the roads have dried up and are in good condition.

Seems To Be the Rule.

NEW ORLEANS, May 24.—Governor Foster has appointed his predecessor, Governor Nicholls, to the supreme court chief justiceship. Four years ago under the same circumstances Nicholls appointed Governor McEnery to the supreme court.

IT IS NEARING THE END

Last Week of the Methodist General Conference.

TREASURER OF THE TRACT SOCIETY.

Dr. Howell Eaton Is the Man Elected to the Position — Resolution Concerning Expenses of Delegates Introduced by Mr. Shanklin of Kentucky—The Presbyterian General Assembly at Portland, Or.—Methodist Protestants.

OMAHA, May 23.—The last week of the conference began Monday morning with Bishop Warren in the chair. The consideration of the report of the Epworth league was made a special order for Tuesday at 10 o'clock. Dr. Smith of the Pittsburg Advocate introduced a motion to take the resolution from the table as presented last week providing for an adjournment on Thursday afternoon of this week. A vote was taken and the motion to adjourn was carried by a vote of 216 to 160 It was also voted to hold night and afternoon sessions on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Made a Discovery.

Dr. Howell Eaton was elected treasurer of the Tract society, and Dr. Hunt introduced a resolution, which was carried, to appoint the bishops as a board to appoint the various boards of control for the different auxiliary departments. The conference then discovered that the evening sessions that had been decided upon were going to run counter to other arrangements. A lecture had been advertised to be delivered in the hall on Tuesday night by Dr. Jesse Bowman Young. Tickets had been sold and the night session would make it impossible. It was decided, therefore, not to have a session on Tuesday night. Mr. Shinkle of Kentucky introduced a resolution providing that delegates to the general conference hereafter have their traveling expenses paid in proportion to the amounts paid by the annual conferences.

From the Missionary Funds.

Conferences that paid their assessments should have the expense of their delegates paid by the general conference. Those that failed to pay their assessment would not have the expense of their delegates paid. It was carried after excepting delegates from foreign countries. It was decided to draw the pay of the missionary bishops from the missionary funds instead of from the episcopal fund. The conference also decided to pay Dr. Stowe his usual salary until the meeting of his annual conference next fall. Dr. Stowe is the retiring member of the Cincinnati Book Concern.

The Presbyterian General Assembly.

PORTLAND, Or., May 23.—At Monday's session of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church the report of the committee appointed to revise the confession of faith was presented by Dr. W. C. Roberts. It contains two new chapters, one relating to the work of the Holy Spirit and the other to the Missionary Spirit. Besides these new chapters, twenty-six sections in eighteen other chapters have been changed. Several of the members of the committee have signed the report, but have made exceptions to certain parts of it.

Methodist Protestant Conference.

WESTMINSTER, Mass., May 23.—The Methodist Protestant general conference met at 9 a. m. Monday. Communications and memorials were received and referred. Several reports were made, but they were not on matters of general importance.

FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF LIFE.

A Brazilian Warship Wrecked and 122 Persons Drowned.

MONTEVIDEO, May 23.—A fearful disaster has overtaken the Brazilian warship Solimoes off this coast. She was dispatched from Rio Janeiro some days ago to act as convoy to the flotilla which carried troops to aid in quelling the rebellion in the Brazilian state of Matto-Grosso. The crew of the warship numbered 127 men. As she was fitted out for active service it is probable that she did not carry any small boats. Owing to the dangerous nature of the low and sandy Uruguayan sea coasts she had a pilot aboard.

Struck Bow On.

Just as the Solimoes was off Polino island, near Point Negra Castillios, she struck a rock violently bow on. The sea was very rough at the time. All the crew were under the hatches, except four sailors and the pilot. Two of the sailors acted as lookouts; the other two were at the wheel. Through the immense hole made in her hull the water rushed so fast and furious that the vessel sank almost immediately. Of all her crew only the four sailors who were on deck saved their lives. The pilot also escaped. One hundred and twenty-three lives were lost.

O'Brien Is Very Slippery.

LONDON, May 23.—Thomas O'Brien, the notorious bunco steerer who was extradited from England to the state of New York, and who escaped from the custody of the officers in that state after being convicted and sentenced to state prison, has been arrested in Paris.

O'Brien succeeded in making his escape from the Havre police and is again at large. The police are now conducting an active search for him and the vessels in the harbor are closely watched. Notice has also been telegraphed to all the adjoining towns.

River Falling at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, May 23.—The river continues to fall at the rate of nearly an inch per hour. The decline is expected to continue until it reaches its proper gauge. The railroads are getting in shape to resume operations over their regular lines and do not anticipate any further inconvenience incidental to slight rises which may occur. Below this city the floods have the grasp on the great territory it has devastated during the past ten days. Prolonged suffering and destitution for its victims are made certain by that fact.

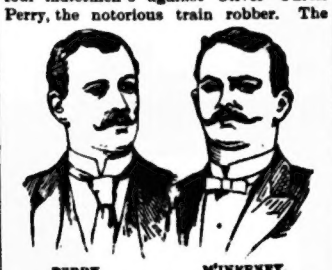
Conflagration at Brigham City.

BRIGHAM CITY, Utah, May 23.—A most disastrous fire broke out here about 2 o'clock Sunday morning in the saloon of R. T. Wilson & Co., and before the flames could be gotten under control $100,000 worth of damage was done, confined entirely to business houses. At one time it looked as if the whole city would be wiped out and the Ogden fire department was telegraphed to hold itself in readiness to come to the rescue. Fortunately the fire was gotten under control without aid of out side help.

PERRY'S HEAVY SENTENCE.

Forty-Nine Years in the Penitentiary at Hard Labor.

ROCHESTER, May 20.—A special from Lyons says: The grand jury came into court Thursday afternoon and presented four indictmen s against Oliver Curtis Perry, the notorious train robber. The



PERRY. M'INERNEY.

first indictment charged burglary in the thir degree; the second, discharging firearms at a locomotive; the third, burglary and assault; the fourth, assault in attacking Express Messenger McInerney.

Staggered the Culprit.

The courtroom was packed with people and when Perry entered the excitement was so great it was several minutes before order could be obtained. Perry pleaded guilty to all the indictments and Judge Rumsey then sentenced him to be confined in Auburn prison at hard labor for forty-nine years and three months. As the judge finished speaking the prisoner staggered and it was with great effort that he retained his standing position.

WRECK ON THE COTTON BELT.

Eight Persons Killed Outright and Twenty-Two Injured.

ST. LOUIS, May 23.—Meager particulars of a collision between a passenger train and freight train near Crooked Bayou, Ark., on the Cotton Belt railroad, reached this city Saturday morning. The collision occurred at 7 o'clock Friday night. All the cars of the passenger train were thrown from the track and upset. The wreck is attributed to the failure of the crew of the south-bound passenger train to observe the rules of the road. It appears that the bridge across the Arkansas river was washed away and when the south-bound passenger train found that no trains could cross the stream, they backed up towards Humphries and collided with a freight train that had followed them south from Humphries.

List of the Victims.

Eight persons in all were killed and twenty-two injured. A list of the dead follows: Mrs. Henseg, wife of bridge foreman; Nichols, fireman; Mrs. Anderson, Amorilla, Tex.; Mrs. Hudgkins and son, Grape Vine, Tex.; Mr. Crumpton, Nashville, Tenn.; unknown ranchman, near Waco, Tex., one unknown man. Twenty-two persons were injured. Most of the injuries were of slight character and but two are regarded as serious.

Escaped from Joliet Prison.

JOLIET, Ills., May 20.—Shadric Andrews, alias Anders, a convict at the penitentiary, escaped between 3 and 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon. He was working in the cooper department and was in the yards outside of the walls west of the prison when he disappeared. He was soon missed and a search was made long the canal and river banks, mills and districts, but it soon grew dark thing was seen of him. Andrews ame from Dewitt county last December for two years for larceny and this is his second term in the Joliet prison.

Public Building at Joliet.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—The senate Friday passed without discussion a bill called up by Cullom directing the secretary of the treasury to acquire, by purchase, condemnation or otherwise, a suitable site for a public building at Joliet, Ills., and case to be erected thereon a suitable building, including fireproof vaults, elevator, etc., the cost of site and building not to exceed $100,000. Proposals for the land shall be advertised, and the proposals and sites offered shall be examined in person by an officer of the treasury.

Daylight Lynching in Arkansas.

MORRILLTON, May 23.—Charles Stewart, a prisoner confined in the Perry county jail, was lynched Saturday morning. Friday night Stewart seized an iron poker and struck Deputy Sheriff Holmes across the head, dashing his brains out on the floor. When the news of the murder spread through the streets an armed body of men was quickly organized. They marched to the jail, and taking Stewart from his cell, hung him to the nearest tree.

Killed by Train Robbers.

SANFORD, Fla., May 23.—At 2 o'clock Saturday morning the north-bound train (No. 14) on the Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West railroad was held up a short distance from this city by four masked men, who attempted to rob the express car. During the encounter Express Messenger Saunders was killed and Soliciting Agent Cox badly wounded in the face. The robbers escaped, but posses are in pursuit.

Three Men Drowned.

CLEVELAND, May 23.—George Dougherty, Harry Crack, and William Reilly, who went out upon Lake Erie in a small row boat, were drowned. Their boat was picked up by the tug Edith. Gus Hanna, who knew the lost men, said that they had gone out to capture a tramp boat and suddenly disappeared from his sight when about a mile and a half offshore.

Stole a Box Full of Money.

ALLIANCE, O., May 23.—A box containing 400 silver dollars, $2,400 in paper money, and a New York draft for $1,000 more was stolen Friday afternoon from the buggy of Andrew Little, a farmer of Homeworth. He had intended to deposit it, but the banks were closed. The robbery was committed while he was in the courthouse.

Illinois People's Party.

DANVILLE, Ills., May 20.—The state convention of the People's party was held here. H. E. Taubeneck was nominated for governor by acclamation, but declined and N. M. Barnett of Hallsville was finally chosen. A full state ticket was put up and presidential electors and delegates to the Omaha convention were chosen. The St. Louis platform was indorsed.

One Year for Deacon.

NICE, May 23.—The trial of Edward Parker Deacon for the killing of M. Abeille, his wife's lover, at Cannes, on the night of Feb. 18, resulted in the prisoner being found guilty and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Important Happenings of the Past Few Days Briefly Stated.

Germany will take part in the international silver conference but is not hopeful of the result.

The Wisconsin-Michigan Base Ball league has been organized.

Diphtheria has broken out in the girls' home in Toronto, Ont. A dozen of the inmates of the institution show symptoms of the disease.

At the recent Oxford-Cambridge boat race the London papers did a neat piece of work. The press boat as it proceeded up the Thames paid out a submarine cable, by which every few minutes the progress of the race was dispatched to the city and at once put on the street.

Granville Talmage, 18 years of age, was drowned in the Wabash river at Peru, Ind.

Governor Barber of Wyoming has again refused to surrender the imprisoned cattlemen to the Johnson county authorities to be tried for murder.

A Toronto, Ont., health inspector discovered in a house in the west part of the city a woman and two children almost naked and in a starving condition. The woman had been deserted by her husband and was insane.

To relieve the great distress prevailing among the poorer classes of the state of Michoacan, in Mexico, owing to the failure of the crops and high price of grain, the government of that state has ordered large quantities of corn from the United States to be distributed among the afflicted.

Victoria Lafazia, an Italian, found his wife in the company of Gilbert Santanea, at Youngstown, O. Lafazia shot Santanea five times, after which he stabbed him in several places. Santanea is dying. Lafazia has not been captured.

George M. Pullman's mother is at the point of death in New York.

A company has been formed to build a pneumatic tube line for carrying packages and mail at Chicago.

Under circumstances not wholly favorable a compound Baldwin locomotive, running on the Reading road last week, hauled a train of Pullman cars a certain five miles in three minutes and forty-two seconds. One mile was covered at the rate of eighty-two miles an hour.

* * *

William Murphy, a farmer 50 years old, was killed by a Big Four limited train at Paris, Ills. He was intoxicated and walking on the track.

Washington Barlow of Dayton, O., sat down on the track near Plainfield as a train bore down on him and was instantly killed.

The Rev. Charles R. Hale, D. D., L.L. D., dean of Grace cathedral, Davenport, Ia., has been elected assistant bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Springfield over the Rev. Frederick H. Davenport of Memphis, Tenn. Ten ballots were taken.

Kate Marston, who is interested in the project for organizing a leper colony at Vilisoiski, a town in eastern Siberia, has left St. Petersburg for the United States, where she will devote herself to raising funds for the establishment of the colony.

The works of the Steel Foundry company at St. Louis was damaged by fire to the extent of $75,000.

The great strike of the stonemen continues to spread in the east, and it is estimated that 75,000 men are idle throughout the country in consequence of the lockout.

The Odd Fellows' Herald has been sold and the place of publication will be changed from Bloomington to Mansfield, Ills.

A syndicate of Chicago and Cincinnati capitalists has purchased the paper making plant of the Diamond Match company at Wabash, Ind.

Repetition of assaults in English compartment cars may lead to the introduction of American coaches.

Mrs. Ida Knapp, a bride of three months of Galesburg, Ills., quarreled with her husband. She took a box of rat poison and died.

The jail and the sheriff's house at Medford, Wis., burned.

* * *

Professor J. G. Schurman has been elected president of Cornell university.

Dr. Leslie G. Keeley has sailed for England. He means to establish a dipsomania hospital in London. Dr. De Wolf of Chicago goes with him to take charge.

It is announced that Miss Carlysle, the eldest daughter of ex-Treasurer Huston of Connorsville, Ind., is to wed Howard Gordon June 1. Governor Ira G. Chase is to officiate.

John D. Rockefeller has given the Tabernacle Baptist church of New York $50,000.

Anthony Comstock has arrived in Milwaukee and the report is that another Casper obscene picture scandal will be unearthed.

George W. Childs and party have reached San Francisco.

British troops from Lagos attacked and burned two native villages.

Jefferson S. Conover of Coldwater has been elected grand commander of the Michigan grand commandery Knights Templar.

During the year ending April 30, 176 new national banks were incorporated in the United States, most of them in the west. Illinois led in capitalization, with an aggregate of $2,660,000 for eight new institutions.

Captain Jack North of Milford, Ind., was burned in effigy by the friends of Dr. Becknell of the same place. North had won a suit against Becknell for malpractice.

A son of Senator Peffer is running an engine at Hoisington, Kan.

Loomis battery held its eighteenth annual reunion at Coldwater, Mich., thirty of the veterans being present. J. W. Streeter of Chicago was elected president.

John M. Lackey, secretary to General Rosecrans, register of the treasury, committed suicide at Washington by shooting himself through the head while laboring under temporary aberration of mind.

Fire destroyed the greater part of the business portion of the village of Dexter, Ia. Loss, $10,000; insurance, $5,000.

A new state bank with a capital stock of $300,000 has been organized at Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Countess Margere, better known as Mrs. Tom Thumb, had her baggage and theatrical effects seized bor debt at Salt Lake City.

* * *

A snowstorm approaching a blizzard raged in portions of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa.

Advisory committees in connection with the depart of art of the World's fair, have been formed in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, London and Paris.

The Shakespeare birthplace trustees have confirmed the purchase of Anne Hathaway's cottage in order to prevent the building from being transferred to the World's fair grounds.

The Northern Pacific railroad directors have decided to suspend dividend payments on the preferred stock for the current quarter.

South Australia and New South Wales are about to ask the home government to be invested with power to coin silver.

The jury in the case of the state vs. Seymour Turner brought in a verdict of guilty at Portage, Wis. Turner was charged with assault with intent to kill. Turner called at the home of Amelia Herrman, in the town of Fall River, one day about a year ago, and calling her to the door shot her through the back with a shotgun, and then shot himself. Both recovered. Turner gets five years in the penitentiary.

Postmaster Robert M. Gilmore of Muskogee, I. T., has been arrested for embezzling the funds of his office.

The two anarchists, Moineau and Jamotte, who were arrested for threatening the police in Brussels May Day, have been sentenced, Moineau to three and Jamotte to four years' imprisonment.

A. B. Humphrey, secretary of the National League of Republican clubs, states that the place of holding the next annual convention will be changed from Buffalo to New York, and the date from two weeks after the Minneapolis convention to the last week in August.

G. H. Renzenburg of Milwaukee has been elected president of the American Waterworks association.

The College of the City of New York, according to one of the commissioners, devotes only sixteen hours of its five years' course to the English language.

Frank Boles, a farmer of Drakeville, Ia., while intoxicated, lay down on the Rock Island track and was cut to pieces by a train.

W. H. Jacoby of Huntsville, Mo., was killed by his son. The boy was playing with a supposed unloaded revolver.

* * *

Judge Blodgett has gone to New York to meet Messrs. Phelps and Carter, his associate counsel in the Behring sea difficulty.

At a mock convention held at Evanston, Ills., students James G. Blaine was nominated for president over President Harrison.

The University of Chicago will build a woman's dormitory at a cost of $75,000, and possibly two dormitories for men, costing $100,000.

Universalists have closed their convention at Chicago has left Cairo, Ills., for New Orleans.

John Tuckett & Son, manufacturers of plug tobacco at Danville, Va., will remove their plant to Freeport, Ill.

A. C. Cadwallader, ex-president of the Superior (Wis.) National bank, has been indicted on a charge of embezzlement.

At Chattanooga, Tenn., D. G. Ramsay of St. Louis was elected chief telegrapher of the Order of Railway Telegraphers.

Plank & Sons' rolling mills at Pulaski, Ia., was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of $20,000, with small insurance.

President Harrison has intimated that it would not be proper for members of the cabinet and federal officials to boom his candidacy for renomination.

Edward P. Ferry, the once wealthy Michigan lumber man, is in a private asylum for the insane in California.

All the hod carriers and plasterers in Pittsburg and Allegheny are on strike and work on nearly all the new buildings is at a standstill.

By the will of the late John S. Fogg of Weymouth, Mass., Colorado college, at Colorado Surings, Colo., will receive $25,000, providing his two sons die without issue.

The American Library association will hold its convention next year in Chicago.

Henry B. Sire, a wealthy real estate dealer of New York and owner of the famous trotting horse, Harry Wilkes, is being sued for breach of promise by Esther Jacobs, a concert and church contralto of some distinction, who estimated the damages she has sustained at $50,000.

The treasury department has decided adversely on the proposition to remove the life-saving station from Grand Haven to St. Joseph, Mich.

A. A. Zimmerman at London lowered the quarter mile cycling record, making the distance in 33 3-5 seconds.

* * *

Sam Russell, a tinhorn gambler, shot and killed Harry B. Turner at Billings, Mont. The cowboys threaten to lynch Russell, who is in jail. Turner's father is a Baptist minister at Eureka, Kan.

The queen has conferred the decoration of Knight of the Order of the Bath upon the Khedive of Egypt.

The Pennsylvania Military academy at Chester has been closed for the summer because of typhoid fever among the cadets.

The Menasha, Wis., common council and Grand Army post are at swords' point over the refusal of the former to appropriate $50 for Decoration Day. The matter has been referred to a meeting after the date of celebration.

Oliver P. Holmes had his body cut into three pieces by being drawn under the great traction wheel at the cable power house at Sioux City.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MAY 28 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Hazel Kirke."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Shore Acres Subdivision."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The Lost Paradise."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Isle of Champagne."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Harry Lacy.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Forgiven."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

GIVE GLADSTONE HIS LAST CHANCE.

The "great crisis," as the British politicians term the rapidly approaching general election in Great Britain and Ireland, is nearly upon us, and "moral force" is about to take its last chance as a factor in the achievement of Irish independence. Old Mr. Gladstone has worn out both the predictions and the patience of the Tories, and is hustling around about as lively as ever in the house of commons. He delivered one of the most eloquent speeches of his life in opposition to Balfour's Irish local government bill—a monumental farce of a measure—on Tuesday night. Gladstone is a mental and physical phenomenon, and his dissection of the Tory measure was worthy of his most vigorous days, if, indeed, he has ever yet seen days that were not vigorous. His assault on Balfour's measure is, to our mind, one of the best guarantees that can be given in regard to his expected Home Rule bill. The burden of his speech was the necessity of granting equality to Ireland, something the Tory bill does not contemplate. In this connection, THE CITIZEN thinks that the attitude of Mr. Redmond and his friends—all moral force men as well as the McCarthyites—toward Mr. Gladstone is illogical. We see no reason why they should coquet with the Tories, who deny Ireland equality, to the prejudice of Mr. Gladstone who advocates that principle. They are all loyalists, imperialists and "moderate men" together, and, if THE CITIZEN, which is neither "loyal" nor "imperial," but which is inclined to be "moderate," according to its lights, may offer a word of suggestion, it would say that it is absurd for any faction of the Irish parliamentary party to give any countenance to the Tories in the pending fight. The latter have shown their hand, which reveals Irish provincialism of the worst type and Orange rebellion, in case Gladstone should come into power and an Irish parliament is established. Surely there is nothing in such a programme to attract any Irish Home Rule member, no matter how factious, or how discontented with his fellows he may be.

The Gladstone Home Rule bill of 1886 was not as broad and generous a measure as the Irish people expected, but contrasted with the beggarly law of local government introduced by the Tories, it was imposing and, consequently, respectable. There is a suspicion abroad that Gladstone has pared down his former measure somewhat, but, even so, can Mr. Redmond and his friends or followers guarantee anything better from Salisbury, Balfour & Co? These latter, in the tough sop they have thrown to Ireland, show themselves, as the Tories have ever been, the faithful servants of the landlords, and the applauders and protectors of the Orange order. The Whigs, on occasions, have played the latter part, but since Gladstone adopted Home Rule for Ireland as a battle cry, there is no more affiliation between them and the Orangemen than there is between oil and water.

Mr. Gladstone would be the greatest political hypocrite that the world has seen if, after his speech of Tuesday night, he failed to bring in a sweeping Home Rule bill for Ireland in the event of his return to power. THE CITIZEN does not think that Mr. Gladstone's Whig allies will allow him to bring in a bill of as broad scope as he would introduce if left to himself, but, at all events, he cannot afford to minimize it to the extent of making himself ridiculous in the eyes of the whole world. What good would a parliament of limited power accomplish in Ireland? It would, at least, emphasize the fact of her political distinctiveness, and, if allowed to deal with the land question, would keep at home thousands of the flower of the population who now emigrate to these United States and other prosperous countries. It would direct the attention of Christendom to the island which, beaten after many heroic struggles in the field, betrayed in diplomacy and sold by her own senate, had the virility and perseverance, after nearly a century of utter national suppression, to force her conqueror to partially undo his work and recognize her existence as a separate entity of the empire. It would take hold of public education, conform it to the necessities of the people and revive the literature, restore the language and develop the genius of the Irish race at home. We do not mean to say that the English tongue would be obliterated, but that the Irish tongue would be made equal, at least, to it on its native soil. The Irish ought to be ashamed of themselves if, with a parliament, they could not preserve and extend their native language when their kindred, the Welsh, have done it without a parliament. An Irish parliament, properly animated by men of genius, as it would surely be, could give a new direction to the young and plastic mind of the growing generation, and could show the Irish youth of genius that it was not necessary for him to emigrate to London, or New York, or Melbourne to find a field for his abilities. In the matter of commerce, if given any scope at all, it could protect itself against the greed of the British manufacturer and trader, and thus give employment to myriads who now fly to other lands in pursuit of fortune, because the gates of industry are closed against them at home.

An independent Ireland—independent in the broadest sense of the term, could do much more than what is here outlined, but, as Blucher said to Bulow on the evening of the day of Waterloo, when he saw the havoc wrought in the ranks of Wellington, "the British army must have time to breathe or all is lost!" so, too, we Irish-Americans can say to the Irish Parliamentary party," Ireland must have time to breathe or she is lost."

This is the situation. It is no time for hair splitting, or for cross-examining. The duty of the Irish party is to sustain the Gladstone programme, and to stop the absurd quarrel among themselves. THE CITIZEN does not believe that the Liberal party will gain the day at the polls—England is too stupid and stubborn for that—but, at all events, it is, from the parliamentary standpoint, the duty of the Irishmen who have adopted that policy as a means of saving their country, to stand by it until the battle is decided. If the verdict goes against Ireland, then let "moral force" methods be thereafter accursed, with all who advocate them, and let the friends of Ireland who, at the request of her parliamentary chiefs, laid aside the only methods ever hitherto used with effect against tyrannical governments, occupy the deserted field, and make acts take the place of words.

THE MOTHER OF KNOWNOTHINGISM.

THE CITIZEN has had frequent occasion to observe that so called American Knownothingism is a weed of truly Brito-Orange growth, and that its roots cannot long hold it fast in the free soil of this republic. "No Irish need apply" is an exclusive, in fact proscriptive, shibboleth which had its birth in England, nor has it yet ceased to resound mightily in Great Britain. In truth, the British are, and have been for centuries, jealous of everything Irish. Now it would seem this mean spirit is displayed against Irish medical practitioners in England and Scotland. The Dublin *Evening Herald* of the 10th inst referring editorially to the subject says: "Some time since we called attention to the stupid exclusion of medical practitioners holding Irish diplomas from East Sussex Hospital, and the clumsy calumnies with which the governors of the hospital sought to cover their retreat when brought to book for their boycotting. The matter was resolutely taken up by Dr. Mapother, formerly of Dublin, who told the governors some home truths, with the full assent and approval of the *British Medical Journal*, the chief organ of the profession in England. The Irish Medical Association have now taken up the grievance in a series of strongly worded but dignified resolutions. The association demands that the holders of Irish diplomas shall get fair play in English hospitals. They ask no favor. Their demand is that selection shall be made on the merits, and they have no fear for the results. Indeed, it may be said that the boycotting resolution adopted not alone by the East Sussex Hospital is a kind of backhanded compliment to Irish practitioners and diplomas. It is a proof that they are to be feared in fair and open competition. It is only the best horses, the horses which would otherwise win that it is thought necessary to disqualify or handicap out of the race. All that the Irish doctors demand is that they get a fair start from the scratch, at level weights, and they feel confident they will give an account of themselves at the winning post. Ireland, in this demand for toleration, claims no more than she is willing to concede. 'Hanc veniam petimus damusque vicissim.' There is no national intolerance in Ireland. The Englishman or Scotchman who comes honestly among us has his full, fair chance with the native born."

THE CITIZEN directs the particular attention of the U O D. *et al.* to the two last sentences in the article quoted. It may also remark, by way of instruction to the parties indicated, that in the worst days of Mary Tudor's reign, when English Protestants were roasted at the stake in their own country, many of them found refuge among the Catholics of Ireland, who paid bitterly for their humanity in the reign of Mary's sister, Elizabeth Tudor, of bloody and licentious memory. It is also a matter of history that Ireland is about the only European country which in the days of her parliamentary independence, failed to pass any persecuting law against the hunted and persecuted children of Israel.

IRELAND CAN DO HER OWN SPANKING.

The Hon. John Morley, English M. P. and Rounder General for Mr. Gladstone, has one great quality of his countrymen—bull dog persistency. He never "lets up" on anything he once advocates, and, although he may modify his programme, he never wholly abandons it. Speaking recently at a National club dinner in London, Mr. Morley said:

"They would probably be disappointed if before he sat down he did not refer to the first and foremost item in the Liberal programme. He meant Ireland. Some dissentient Liberals had come to him lately and said: 'Don't you think you can shelve Ireland?' Some, too, who were not exactly dissentient Liberals, but who allowed their enthusiasm for social reform to override all other considerations, had hinted something of the same kind to him. No proposition of that kind would bear argument, and he would not waste one minute of their time in arguing it. He said, and he hoped everyone in that room would agree with him, that history would present no more contemptible spectacle than the Liberal party would present if, after having in December, 1890, induced the bulk of the Irish members, and, so far as they knew, the bulk of the Irish constituencies, to undergo one of the sharpest sacrifices that ever men or constituencies were asked to undergo for maintaining an honest and a staunch alliance to the English Liberal party—if that party were now, forsooth, to break this bargain, and to throw over those allies. No more abject spectacle could be conceived. If an attempt were made to what was called shelve Ireland, the result would be a far worse split in the Liberal party than the split which divided it in 1886. He did not believe that the British democracy would consent to have Ireland thrust back again into the sullen furnace of her old afflictions. Would any Liberal be worth his salt if he were to sit down and fold his arms in perfect contentment under system of permanent coercion in Ireland. As to the Local Government bill for Ireland, what could they think of a measure for improving the local government of that country when, in spite of some temptations to support the government on the part of some of the Irish members, they all united in saying it was an intolerable insult, and an affront to this country? The Unionists had lately been talking about rebellion, but they must remember that rebellion would not be against the Irish parliament, but against the parliament from which the parliament of Ireland derived its statutory powers. Those who ought to have known better had talked about the resistance to Charles I. and James II. It would be time enough for them to resist the Irish government when the Irish government had played some of the pranks which Charles I. and James II. played. What were the Unionists afraid of? He had talked to scores of Ulstermen, but could never get an answer to the question. It was not fear that was at the bottom of the Ulster agitation. It was not fear, it was pride. It was not rational apprehension, it was the old bad passion of ascendancy which was once more to be kindled into life, not by Ulstermen themselves, but by Unionist leaders and wire-pullers in England."

THE CITIZEN thinks Mr. Morley's remarks entitle him to the respect of every thinking Irishman throughout the world, no matter what creed that Irishman may profess, or to what school of politics he may belong. He was the only chief secretary for Ireland who ever did anything to entitle him to something better than the contempt and hatred of the Irish people. There is, however, an expression in his speech which THE CITIZEN cannot indorse. "They (the Unionists) should remember," said Mr. Morley, "that the (Ulster) rebellion would not be against the Irish parliament, but against the parliament from which the parliament of Ireland derived its *statutory* powers." This plainly shows that there is no idea of granting Ireland a fundamental constitution on which her own powers of resistance to rebellion, or foreign aggression, might rest. We may say entre nous to Mr. Morley, whom we by no means dislike, that if Mr. Gladstone and his advisers, Mr. Morley included, will give the projected Irish parliament full power to raise an army and use the resources of Ireland *alone* against the Orange braggarts, that country will show England, and the world at large, how well she can take care of herself from both a military and fiscal standpoint. Indeed, as regards Ulster, or the comparatively small portion of Ulster which is Orange, THE CITIZEN would much prefer to fight against the malcontents as being rebels to Ireland instead of to England. In the latter capacity, the Orangemen would be really respectable, and our "sympathies" would be puzzled between the two sets of Ireland's enemies. Ireland can whip the Orangers, but she cannot whip the Englishers, yet if the Green and Orange combined, she could whip England out of her boots, although it might take some time to do the work thoroughly. THE CITIZEN requests Mr. Morley not to make the Orangemen objects of Irish sympathy by placing them in the attitude of rebels against the English Crown. Rather let him allow Ireland to lay them across her checkered apron and send them supperless to a bed of repentance.

DEDICATION OF FATHER HAGAN'S CHURCH.

St. Francis Xavier's new Catholic church at LaGrange, Ill., will be dedicated by Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, with imposing ceremonies, Sunday, June 5, at 10.30 o'clock. The special train for his Grace, the Archbishop, for the priests and societies which are to take part in the ceremonies, will leave Union depot, Canal and Adams streets, at 9:15 a. m., and will return in the afternoon. Tickets can be had on the train. On reaching LaGrange the societies will form and march in procession to the church. The solemn high mass will be celebrated by Rev. Father Cartan at 10:30 o'clock. The sermon will be preached by the distinguished Dr. Burke, the silver-tongued orator of New York. Father Burke, though a young priest, has already acquired a national reputation as a pulpit orator. Father Jas. M. Hagan, the popular pastor of the new church, is to be complimented upon the completion of this fine edifice, which is said to be in many respects the prettiest and most artistic in the State.

TIM HEALY has quit being so abusive as he was some months ago, and, occasionally, gets off a good thing or two on his opponents. Speaking at Dublin the other day he said: "If you wish to speak to the ghost of Napper Tandy, you have only to rap for Sir Joe McKenna; if you desire to communicate with Robert Emmet, you must immediately ring up John Redmond (great laughter); if you desire to hold ghostly intercourse with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, you must whistle for Dr. Kenny. (Renewed laughter). These gentlemen are, according to themselves, the heirs apparent and heirs at law, of all the departed Irish patriots." It is a pity that Tim does not make better use of the talents God has given him, but even his political enemies cannot help smiling at his caustic wit.

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M. P., is evidently not much in love with the Orange men. He spoke at Derby on May 13 and, in the course of his remarks, said: "He (Mr. Labouchere) urged them not to be misled by this swagger on the part of the Orangemen as to this terrible resistance that they would offer to Home Rule. A more thorough set of braggarts than the Orangemen never ran. They understood a great deal more about running than they did about fighting. Why at the commencement of the queen's reign they formed an idea that she was not such a good Protestant as they would like. They, therefore, approached the Duke of Cumberland, who was generally supposed to have tried to murder his valet in England. They came to the conclusion that he would make a very good Orangeman, and so they positively met in their lodges and decided that they would upset Queen Victoria and put the duke upon the throne; but they did not do it. Then again, when the Church of Ireland was disestablished they declared that they would die in the last ditch; but they didn't do it. It would be the same with them when Home Rule was conceded, and he therefore thought the bogey which the Duke of Devonshire trotted out before his Derby audience was not worth considering."

Patriotic Butte.

[To the Editor.]

BUTTE, Mont., May 23.—No city in America, and possibly no city in the world, is as wide awake at the present time to everything that appertains to Irish men as this great mining camp in the heart of the Rockies. Since the lecture on Robert Emmet's day by John F. Finerty, of Chicago, the Irish-American element have thrown themselves with an intensity of purpose into the movement of organizing societies that will be prolific of good results in the near future.

The Irish-American club was incorporated within the last few days and $20,000 worth of bonds have been taken. The rooms will be in the new Tuttle Block, the space will be larger than that of the Silver Bow club. S. W. McConnell, the well-known architect, has designed the plans and will superintend the construction of the building and the ornamentation of the rooms. McConnell is a brainy fellow, and with unlimited cash at his command it is safe to say that the club will be second to none in the State. The building is located on the corner of Main and Quarts streets, and has a commanding view over the city and surrounding country.

The Sheridan Lyceum will commemorate Moore's birthday at the Hibernia hall, Centreville, by an excellent literary and musical programme. The Hon. J. M. Kennedy, of Anaconda, will be the orator for the occasion. The Emmet Guards have had several new recruits to their ranks lately. A movement is on foot to organize a Gaelic Athletic Association in the county. With the Irish-American club as a national and social club, the Sheridan Lyceum as a literary affair, the Emmet Guards as a military organization and the Gaelic Athletic club for outdoor sports, young men of Irish blood coming to Butte will be "fairly in it." Yours truly,

THE RAMBLER.

Well, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

A SHABBY BILL

Gladstone Opens His Guns on Balfour's Local Government (Ireland) Bill in the House of Commons.

A Powerful and Eloquent Arraignment of the Delusive Measure—Other Parliamentary Utterances and Events.

LONDON, May 24.—The Balfour Irish Local Government bill passed its second reading in the house of commons today by a vote of 339 to 247.

The measure was hotly debated. Mr. Gladstone, in speaking on the measure, said that the house was in the singular position of discussing a bill that it was improbable would be proceeded with. In 1886 both Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Hartington) had promised Ireland much beyond local institutions. They had, in fact, promised everything short of an independent parliament. They then spoke of provincial assemblies and of radically reconstructing the whole administrative system. They also spoke of a large devotion of national power to an Irish assembly. (Cries of "Hear, hear!") Now all these promises are dissolved in the present meager bill, which stamps Ireland with inequality as compared with England and Scotland, and falsified the miserable relics of those engagements which were taken by the country as the basis of the commission intrusted to the present government in 1886.

Ireland, Mr. Gladstone said, had not been sighing during the last six years for a Local Government bill, nor would it regret the loss of the measure now presented. The leader of the government had warned the Irish members of parliament that if they did not take this bill instead of the larger measure promised, if they prosecuted the object dearest to their hearts it would be at the cost of civil war. (Liberal cheers.)

Lord Salisbury's language, Mr. Gladstone said, distinctly encouraged civil war. Definite explanations ought to be given the house and to some others who desired to know whether the cabinet were generally of the same opinion as Lord Salisbury. Did the ministers believe, he asked, that the people of Ulster would rebel against the decision of parliament, or that the employment of the forces of the crown to suppress such a rebellion would [illegible] an outrage as would rend society [illegible]? (Cries of "Hear, hear!")

SALISBURY INCITING TO VIO[illegible]

If Lord Salisbury's language [illegible] thing it was a plain incitement [illegible] misguided men to resort to vio[illegible] sist the authority of parliamen[illegible] were the conditions the Irish [illegible] had offered them in the stinted [illegible] present bill.

Mr. Gladstone then proceeded to examine the leading provisions of the bill, contending that the power it was proposed to confer upon the Viceroy of Ireland concerning the divisions of councils and the power of dissolution would place the councils completely at the mercy of the Viceroy, who would thus be enabled to destroy the effect of the whole bill. This proposal alone constituted a radical difference between the Irish Local Government bill and the English and Scotch measures.

Mr. Gladstone next analyzed the joint committees' proposal showing that it was destitute of the popular element and favored the landlords, helping them to nullify all the acts of the county councils. No such provision exists in the English or Scotch acts. What was good for England and Scotland was omitted for Ireland, while much that was bad was retained. The bill stamped Ireland with inequality and inferiority by withholding from it the powers and privileges that obtained in its neighbor countries. Could it be possible, Mr. Gladstone asked, to conceive greater contempt for history and disregard of sound political principles?

IT WAS UNJUST TO IRELAND.

Continuing, Mr. Gladstone said that the bill throughout had the brand of injustice for Ireland. If the joint committees in England had one good point it was the balance of the parties, there being seven county councilors and seven magistrates. The Irish bill ignored this equality. In the opinion of many Liberals the joint committees in England connected with the council were altogether bad. He indulged in the hope that before many months had passed there would be a parliament to make short work of them.

After ridiculing the manner in which the checks on the actions of the county councils would be applied Mr. Gladstone commented on the proposed protection of the minorities. According to the government this meant putting the majorities into the hands of the minorities. Then it was held necessary to protect the large taxpayers. If the government wanted to protect the taxpayers why not put the power into their hands instead of enabling the sheriff of a county to nominate a group of landlords who would look after the interests of their own claims only? (Cries of "Hear, hear!")

IT WAS POLITICAL LEGISLATION.

It was vital to a good plan of local government that popular influences should have fair scope, but to establish a standing majority of landlords meant the destruction of popular influences. (Liberal cheers.) Could the bill be called an honest effort to satisfy Irish aspirations or a fair attempt to legislate for Ireland? Rather might it be called refuse political legislation. It was like a man inviting his friends to a banquet, who then went around among his neighbors getting a bone from one and refuse washings from others to form the dishes for the banquet. (Laughter.)

The bill conferred on the Liberals one great advantage as tending to a clear issue. It gave the people power to measure and determine exactly the value of the splendid Conservative promises of absolute equality with the laws of Great Britain. It was the one great compensation promised Ireland at the time of the union for the loss of its own parliament. Where was the equality in this bill? (Cheers.) If the people of the country were misled concerning the treatment of Ireland with such evidence before them it would be their own fault. But they would not be misled, as they had already shown. They had arrived at a tolerably fair estimate of the government proceedings. If anything was wanted to complete the conception of Conservative aims the bill would supply it.

Was Ireland wrong, Mr. Gladstone asked, in rejecting the measure? No. The stamp of inequality was the brand of degradation. (Cheers.) If Ireland was capable of accepting a measure so stamped it was unworthy of the great men who had led it in times of adversity; unworthy of that happy, better destiny he trusted and believed it was about to accomplish. (Cheers.)

BALFOUR REPLIES TO GLADSTONE.

Mr. Balfour, the government leader, after paying a compliment to Mr. Gladstone for his eloquence, responded to the challenge the great Liberal leader had thrown down. With reference to Lord Salisbury's speech, concerning Ulster, Mr. Balfour said, after reading extracts, he found he had advanced three propositions:

First—That it would be a gross act of public immorality to place Ulster under the heel of the rest of Ireland. (Conservative cheers.) With that proposition Mr. Balfour begged to associate himself in the fullest manner. (Cheers.)

Second—Lord Salisbury had stated that if an attempt was made to put Ulster, under the heel of the rest of Ireland it would not improbably be resisted by force. That was a question of what was likely to occur. Lord Salisbury thought it likely, and he (Mr. Balfour) thought so too. (Cheers.)

Third—If Ulster resisted and if an attempt was made to put down such resistance with the British army, then, in Lord Salisbury's words, "an outrage would be perpetrated that would rend society in two." (Cheers and counter cheers.) With that also Mr. Balfour agreed.

He noticed the Liberals conceived that they would shortly be sent back to power for the purpose of passing the Home Rule bill they contemplated. It was possible that Ulster might be coerced into submission. (Cheers.) This was no academic question, but one of practical politics [illegible]

Mr. Gladstone here interrupted Mr. Balfour, saying that he had not uttered a syllable to that effect. He believed that a few foolish people might act upon the opinion of Lord Salisbury.

POSSIBLE REBELLION IN ULSTER.

Continuing, Mr. Balfour said that Lord Salisbury was charged with the expression of the opinion that under no circumstances would the British army be employed to put down a rebellion in Ulster. (Cheers.) It was easy to notice the uneasiness that was seizing the Liberal leaders when they came to deal with the remarks of Lord Salisbury. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") Mr. Balfour then proceeded to reply to Mr. Gladstone's criticisms. The bill, he said, was substantially the same as the [illegible] and Scotch bills. If there was a [illegible] was due to the peculiar conditions prevailing in Ireland. The [illegible] of the mass of affairs in the [illegible]ntry, and the expenditures [illegible] Scotch county [illegible] Why they to [illegible] ast the people? It is opposed solely because it would not serve the purpose of Irish agitators.

What was the real aim of the Home Rulers? It was separation. (Cheers.) The opponents of the bill saw that it would not do that for them. The government believed that local government would be a great boon to a population knowing how to use it. The government desired to confer this boon on Ireland. The Irish members were perfectly indifferent to these considerations. Mr. Gladstone told them the bill cleared the issue. (Cheers and counter cheers.) As far as the government was concerned they had made clear what their policy was. Of that policy this bill was only part. (Cheers.) The issues were clear on their side. It rested with Mr. Gladstone to make his clear. (Cheers and cries of "Hear, hear.")

The government, Mr. Balfour said, had shown by acts and deeds and fulfilled legislation of measures that it still earnestly desired to accomplish what it aimed to do. What Mr. Gladstone desired to do no human being knew. If the government had cleared the issues, as Mr. Gladstone said, let him do his part by placing before the electors of the country the policy which he desired adopted. (Cheers.)

Mr. Dillon described the bill as a mockery and a violation of pledges, tending to confirm the Irish in their placing no trust in British faith.

THE DIVISION.

A division was then taken and the bill passed to its second reading by a vote of 339 to 247. The result of the division was received with prolonged Conservative cheers.

The debate greatly increased in interest when Mr. Gladstone rose to speak. The members' benches and the visitors' gallery were crowded. Mr. Gladstone spoke for an hour. In his speech there were some fine passages, which awake admiration on both sides. The Irish members especially were aroused for several minutes after Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat.

Mr. Balfour's challenge to Mr. Gladstone to disclose his Home Rule scheme to the electors evoked cheers from both the Unionists and the Parnellites. A number of Irish members were absent, including John Redmond and Justin McCarthy. Several Radicals voted with the government.

The Conservatives are delighted at the solid majority they obtained. The only Gladstonians who voted with the government were Storey and Villiers. The Liberals do not conceal their disappointment at the result of the division, the blame for which, they say, was the absence of so many Irish members. Out of twenty-nine Parnellites only sixteen voted, and out of fifty-five McCarthyites only thirty-eight voted.

Except that Samuel Storey, member for Sunderland, voted with the government the vote was a strictly party one. The ministry find themselves really embarrassed by the largeness of their majority on the measure. They had not expected and certainly had not hoped for such a showing of surplus strength. A close vote would have been greatly preferable in their eyes. They are now put in the position of being virtually forced to press the bill to passage, and have no excuse for dissolving parliament and appealing to the country for a verdict on their policy. All calculations as to the probable acts of the general elections are apparently upset by the events of today. The Liberals will

question the government on the subject Thursday, but a definite response is hardly expected.

Everybody is praising Mr. Gladstone's speech, which will surely be an effective campaign document for the Liberals, though it had, of course, no effect in altering the course of the vote in the house.

The Dublin Fight.

LONDON, May 19.—The trouble in the Irish Nationalist party in Dublin over the purchase of the *National Press* by the directors of the *Freeman's Journal* was settled last night at a private meeting. Dispatches had been received from America intimating that the discord exhibited during the past two days among the Nationalists was causing great harm and diminishing the confidence of the friends of Ireland and earnestly urging a settlement of the affair.

Today when the directors and shareholders met all was harmony. There was a quiet, although not effusive, exchange of greetings, and while Mr. Healy had an ugly gleam in his eye his tongue remained in harness. Mr. Dillon was calm, and had evidently got over his excitement of the previous day. Without any preliminaries all parties at once proceeded to business. Mr. Gray moved that John Dillon be appointed chairman of the Freeman joint stock company. Mr. Healy, to the surprise of those not in the secret of the peace, or armistice, seconded the motion, which was carried almost unanimously.

The result is considered a surrender on the part of Healy, who had expected, with the influence of Archbishop Walsh sustaining him, to be able to stamp out all opposition. In this he was defeated by the resolute course of John Dillon, and the opinion is generally expressed that Mr. Dillon's course may smooth the way to a reconciliation of the factions, as both Parnellites and anti-Parnellites are praising him for his determined attitude in the *Freeman* controversy and his refusal to be silenced by the obnoxious utterances of Healy and the hostile attitude of Archbishop Walsh.

The meeting was prolonged until late by a general discussion. Eventually the chairman cut short the protests of the opposition, and the amalgamation of the *Freeman's Journal* and the *National Press* was ratified. Tim Healy was elected a director.

This settlement does not effect the attempt of the Parnellite stockholders to break the amalgamation of the two papers by legal means, and the public exhibition of wrangling has hopelessly discredited the McCarthyite party. It has given great comfort to the Parnellites, who insist that they are the only homogeneous party with a definite policy in the country. John Redmond will make good use of the incident in his forthcoming speech in New York. The *Independent* publishes the invitation, which is signed by over eighty names, all of prominent men and some of whom were for a time members of Eugene Kelly's organization.

SALISBURY ASSAILS THE IRISH.

Lord Salisbury in his Hastings speech dwelt at great length on the Irish question. Fighting Mr. Gladstone, he said, was like a combat with a ghost or like a chapter from "Alice in Wonderland." First, there was a verdict; then the address of the prosecuting counsel, and lastly the judge's summing up. The speaker characterized it as imbecility to compare Canada with Ireland and said:

"The former is united with England by ties of heart and sentiment. Ireland has a long and sad history of conflict and bitterness and is deeply divided by religion, race and character. Then imagine the absurdity of Canada's insisting, in addition to independence, upon sending 100 members to the imperial parliament—as Mr. Gladstone wanted Ireland to do—to vote on laws and taxes not affecting their constituents. It is difficult to imagine a statesman with a reputation to lose giving the sanction of his name to anything so scandalous and atrocious."

Continuing Lord Salisbury said: "The amount of wrath that his recent speech had evoked was an indication of the sensitiveness of the conscience he had touched. Sir William Harcourt's jokes and Lord Rosebery's imprecations would not dispel danger. It was ridiculous to say that a warning of danger was to create it."

The speaker then read a strong protest from non episcopal ministers in Ireland against Gladstone on home rule, declaring that priestly influence would be paramount in a Dublin parliament and would be certain to lead to civil war. This, he said, was most important testimony. They could not be accused of sympathy with the present English government.

After again denying that he had urged Ulster to rebellion Lord Salisbury quoted Sir Robert Peel's famous warning, that

"If the union should be repealed the spirit of the Protestant north would awake from its watchful repose to defend itself from a vile and debasing domination, begotten by a foul union of religious hatred and perverse ambition."

"With these words from the grave of the illustrious past," said the speaker, "I entreat you to pause before you commit yourselves to this mad experiment."

SEXTON MAKES A GREAT SPEECH.

In the house of commons today Mr. Balfour formally moved the second reading of the Irish Local Government bill. Mr. Sexton moved the rejection of the measure.

Thomas Sexton made one of the finest speeches of his life today in opposition to the bill. His arraignment of the Tory administration was full of sarcasm and invective, and the entire speech was listened to by both sides of the house, conservatives as well as liberals seeming to enjoy this piece of genuine oratory. The house was crowded, all the notable members being present.

Mr. Sexton spoke for an hour. He severely arraigned the Tory administration of Irish affairs and analyzed and ridiculed the principal clauses of the bill.

D. Hamilton Madden, attorney general for Ireland, replied to Mr. Sexton, defending the government policy, and endeavoring to refute Mr. Sexton's criticisms. Both Irish factions oppose the bill.

George Shaw Lefevre (Liberal) moved in the house of commons today the second reading of the bill providing for the abolition of plural voting. One case referred to by the speaker was that of a clergyman who possessed fifty votes.

Thomas Wallace Russell (Liberal Unionist) who represents the southern division of Tyrone, moved an amendment to the bill declaring that it was inexpedient to carry out the one-man-one-vote principle until the number of representatives in Great Britain and Ireland is equally distributed. He said that in proportion to her population Ireland should have eighty-three representatives and not 101, as at present. Cloture was moved and carried, the debate was ended and Russell's amendment was carried, 287 members voting for it and 189 against it.

The Manchester *Courier* publishes a rumor to the effect that in the event of the Liberal party winning at the coming general elections for the house of commons Mr. Gladstone will seize an early opportunity to enter the house of lords, whence he will direct his party. The Manchester *Courier* is a conservative organ and the report is laughed at by the Liberals.

The Faction Fight.

LONDON, May 23.—The house of commons will adjourn on Friday next, the 27th inst, until after Wednesday, and the date of reassembling will depend upon the amount of business disposed of before adjournment. This is a hint as to the course the government intends to pursue. No progress has been made with Mr. Chaplin's small holdings bill, and it was never intended to make any with Mr. Balfour's Irish local government measure. Thomas Sexton has already moved the rejection of the latter, and both sections of the Irish party, as well as every liberal in the house, are resolutely opposed to it. This will give the needed pretext for raising the cry of obstruction on which the Tories wish to go to the country. It will be a two-edged sword, however, with reasonable Englishmen, who will see the absurdity of introducing measures heralded as

"MESSAGES OF PEACE TO IRELAND"

which are condemned by four-fifths of the Irish members.

The debate on the Irish local government bill dragged along monotonously this evening until William O'Brien, member for the northeast division of Cork, made a hot attack on the government, covering its whole policy toward Ireland. He was followed on the floor by Joseph Chamberlain, who was interrupted frequently by jeers from the Irish benches, and cries of "Oh, oh," from his sometime colleagues, the Gladstonians. He said that he regarded the measure favorably because it gave to Ireland exactly what similar measures had given to England. He could not agree with the opposition that no safeguards were necessary to protect the property of the minority from the local authorities, who practically would be the representatives of one party. The limitations put by the bill on the local authorities were indispensable and he would vote for the bill. (Derisive laughter among the Irish members.)

PARNELLITES MORE CONFIDENT.

The Limerick Parnellites have chosen the brother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell to oppose Francis A. O'Keeffe, the present member for Limerick city, at the general election. Limerick city is one of the constituencies regarded as sure for the Parnellites, like Waterford, and is among the eight which William O'Brien conceded to them in an interview last week. The estimate is regarded by good judges as ridiculously small, even without taking into account the reaction undoubtedly produced on the country by the recent Kilkenny cat fight among the McCarthyites, which is only regarded as the beginning of a feud to the death between the old "Bantry band," led by Healy, and the more strongly nationalist section, led by Dillon and containing such strong men as Thomas Sexton, William O'Brien and Arthur O'Connor. The Parnellites are confident of carrying the four seats for Dublin city and the two for the county. North and South Louth, North Kildare and probably South Kildare, East and West Wicklow, South Kilkenny, Waterford City, Limerick, the two seats for Clare, two of the divisions of Tipperary, Galway City, South Sligo, two divisions in Mayo, one in Roscommon and Newry. They also claim they can recapture Cork and that they have a fighting chance in many other constituencies. Their lowest estimate before the trouble in the McCarthyite camp was twenty members, but now their hopes are growing every day.

A report is current that Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, does not agree with Archbishop Walsh in the indorsement of Timothy Healy, and is inclined to the Parnellite side as being more distinctly national than the anti-Parnellite side. It is more probable that Archbishop Croke is in favor of a union between the two factions on the basis of the acceptance of the Parnell plan of Home Rule.

PARNELL'S TWO BROTHERS.

Henry Tudor Parnell, the youngest brother of the dead leader, was born in 1850, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A., and is a barrister-at-law, but does not now practice. His income is derived from an estate in the county Kilkenny on which he resides, and where he is very popular. As a sample of how current Irish history is written, a statement in T.P. O'Connor's "Life of Parnell" is instructive. A statement is there made that Charles Stewart Parnell attended an eviction at which his Tory brother, Henry Tudor Parnell, a land agent for a rack-renting landlord, was the chief actor.

Henry Parnell wrote ten lines of a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* which placed Mr. O'Connor in a sorry light as a historian. He simply said he had never been a land agent, had never even seen an eviction, had all his life been a Home Ruler, instead of a Tory, and was the first to suggest to his brother to stand for Meath. Further, he said, his own tenants had requested him to stand for North Kilkenny at the general election. He married, in 1882, Penelope Jane, daughter of Rev. Thomas Luby, D.D., an Episcopal minister, who is a cousin of Thomas Clarke Luby, the Fenian leader and editor of the Dublin *Irish People*, which was suppressed by the government in 1865.

John Howard Parnell, the eldest brother of the family, has always boasted that he was a Home Ruler before his brother Charles knew enough to be anything in politics. He was born in 1844, received a college education and is a resident of Georgia, where he has a peach plantation. He is now in Ireland, but was in the United States during most of the present agitation. Although not a good speaker, owing to a natural hesitancy of manner, he has delivered many short addresses at Irish meetings in New York and other Eastern cities and was always well received. Like all the Parnells he is of fine physique, rather good looking and retiring in manner.

DAVITT ARRAIGNS SALISBURY.

Speaking at Bradford this evening Mr. Michael Davitt reviewed Lord Salisbury's Primrose speech on Ulster. He said that the premier was treading on dangerous ground. He himself had dabbled in revolution and he would be sorry to see even his worst enemy in the piebald convict's costume. Lord Salisbury's language, however, justified every illegal act which he (Davitt) had committed.

In the house of commons today Sir James Fergusson, under foreign secretary, said the government had decided that there would be no saving of time in making Holyhead a port of call for American mail steamers. Moreover, there were no accommodations at that port for such a purpose.

Dodgson H. Madden, attorney-general for Ireland, and member for Dublin University, in reply to a question stated that the report of the assault upon Catholics and Protestants in Harland & Wolff's shipyard, Belfast, on Saturday was unfounded.

SONG OF THE FENIANS.

BY "NED OF THE HILL."

Fill up your glasses—here's a toast,
Though far from Ireland all are we,
Her heath-clad hills, her rugged coast,
Fond memory pictures vividly.
Beneath Columbia's "Stripes and Stars"
And pine clad mountains wavy sheen
We pledge the toast of "Bolts and Bars—
Or Freedom 'neath the Flag of Green."

The courage of our Celtic race
Boils fiercely through our veins tonight,
Again since faction brings disgrace
We swear for Freedom to unite—
No more to traitors wiles we trust
On force, not fraud, we proudly lean—
The sword alone our bands can burst—
Hip! Hip! Hurra!—"Our Flag of Green"

Full oft' on many a hard fought field,
From Clontarf's slopes to Limerick town,
Were Dane and Saxon forced to field
By Irish valor borne down—
Shall we the sons of warlike sires
As fawning slaves be ever seen?
Our martyr'd dead the spirit fires—
To raise again "The Flag of Green."

Aye, plant it boldly in the gale
The flag of Sarsfield, Tone, and Meagher,
While must'ring sail for Innisfail
Her exiled sons from near and far—
No peace till free from Kerry's coast
To Antrim hills that Flag is seen—
"Bolts and Bars"—we pledge the toast—
"Or Freedom 'neath the Flag of Green."

WATERFORD, Ireland, April, 1892.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Union Catholic Library Association.

The annual requiem mass for deceased members of the association will be celebrated at St. Mary's church, Wabash avenue and Eldridge court, next Monday (Decoration Day) at 10 o'clock a.m.

The Gaelic Class.

At the meeting last Sunday a resolution was passed thanking the Ancient Order of Hibernians lately assembled at New Orleans for offering to endow an Irish Language Chair at the new Catholic University in Washington with the sum of $50,000. All lovers of the Philo Celtic language movement throughout the United States should adopt similar resolutions. Hon. M. Wilhere is requested to proceed to Washington at once and see Bishop Keane, regent, on the subject; a task Mr. Wilhere will joyfully perform.

Entrance to class-room in office of City Clerk VanCleve, first floor, near elevator.

MAURICE CRRAN, Sec'y.

Dyspepsia has driven to an early and even suicidal grave many a man who, if he had tried the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, would be alive today and in the enjoyment of health and competence. Sufferer, be warned in season, and don't allow the system to run down.

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a.m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:33 a.m; Antioch, 10:40 a.m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a.m.; and Waukesha, 11:50 a.m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p.m.; Mukwonago, 5:05 p.m.; Antioch, 6:18 p.m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p.m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p.m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a.m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a.m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

HOLD SALISBURY RESPONSIBLE.

[*To the Editor.*]

The recent speech of Lord Salisbury threatening Orange rioting and rebellion in Ireland in case home rule should be enacted must not be regarded as harmless thunder. It is very certain that there will be bloody riots instigated by Tories and Unionists, one of the purposes for which the British government fosters and favors the Orange society is to use it to produce riotous demonstrations whenever the English voter is to be influenced thereby.

I am aware of only three instances where the basis and mainstay of a government was a secret society. The Mormons furnish one example, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan the second, and the British government in Ireland, the third and most disgraceful one. There is not another throne in Europe that has so vile a mainstay as Queen Victoria's Orange prop in Ireland. The Orange society has a history of lawlessness, murder, rapine and outrage, and it has committed more murders then the assassins of Khorassin. Yet there is a system of allowing Orange crimes to go unpunished in Ireland that is just as perfect as the system of punishing what is called constructive crime in the non Orange population.

If we go back through the history of Ireland during he 100 years of Orangeism's existence we shall find constant disturbances and outrages resulting from the action of that society. It is enough to go back now to 1852, when we find murderous riots in Belfast on July 12. Again on Sept. 6, 1857, Rev. Hugh Hanna excited a murderous riot in Belfast. Next in 1862, on Sept. 17, the present Duke of Devonshire excited a riot at Belfast, resulting in loss of life. The same person, when chief secretary, made a murderous attack on a peaceable, lawful and unarmed meeting in Phœnix Park. I hold that the lives lost through the murderous incitements of these men should have been avenged by law just as severely as the lives lost through the Invincibles. In August, 1864, there were riots again in Belfast instigated by Tory politicians. And on Aug 10, 1872, Sir Michael H. Beach and Lord Arthur Hill—both members of the present government—got up riots in Belfast that lasted a week and cost several lives.

It is all the same whether Liberal or Conservative be in office, the Orange rioters have never been suppressed or punished. Earl Spencer allowed the 1872 riots to run their course unmolested. But if those riots had been in Cork or Kilkenny they would have been crushed out with grapeshot. The reason why Orangemen are so bold is because they have always been sure of impunity. They have their friends in the Castle, which is the bane of Ireland. Yet from Redmond down to Healy there is not a parliamentary home ruler who is in favor of the abolition of Dublin Castle. Ask any of them if he wants the Viceroy abolished, and he will answer "No!" This shows the sincerity of their home rule principles. The abolition of the lord lieutenant is the *sine qua non* of real home rule. The Castle is the headquarters of the Orangemen, West Britons, or Scotch Irish, or whatever the enemies of Ireland's prosperity may call themselves.

W.

PERSONAL.

Those who admire pluck and indomitable courage, will be pleased to learn that that heroic Irishman, Officer John Cox, has at length received official recognition from the Humane Society for the heroism he displayed about a year and a half ago, on Wabash avenue and Jackson street, at which crossing he was stationed in this city. The incident is fresh in the minds of most of Chicago citizens. A team was hitched to a long truck wagon took fright, and, starting at a dead run, was approaching Officer Cox's place of duty. At this perilous moment the Wabash avenue cable car was letting off and receiving passengers in line with the run of the now infuriated team. All seemed unconscious of the impending danger, save Officer Cox, who had now no time to think. He sprang to the rescue, turned the deadly course of the team, saved the lives of many people, broke his own leg, fractured his shoulder and yet felt happy at what he had performed. The Humane Society, after carefully investigating this deed of courage, presented Mr. Cox with a splendid medal, suitably engraved. The presentation was made last week with great eclat. Mr. Cox is an Irishman possessing the truest spirit of national independence and soundest patriotism.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St Paul at 9 a.m. and 4:15 p.m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p.m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p.m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a.m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p.m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p.m., St. Louis at 8:15 p.m., and Peoria at 3:20 p.m., and 8:00 p.m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

1779. 1892.

Ireland's Tom Moore!

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THE 113th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF

IRELAND'S IMMORTAL BARD,

"The Poet of All Circles and the Idol of His Own,"
Will be Appropriately Celebrated at

Central Music Hall,

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1892,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PROGRAMME:

1. Opening Address by his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, who will preside.
2. Quartette, "The Minstrel Boy".....Moore
   Miss Marcella Reilly, Miss Alice Coffey, Mr. Wm. Barron, Mr. Geo. Callahan.
3. Harp Solo, "The Last Rose of Summer".....Moore
   Mrs. Clara Murray. (The harp used by Mrs. Murray is made entire at Lyon & Healy's factory, Chicago).
4. Bass Solo, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old".....Moore
   Mr. George Callahan.
5. Soprano Solo, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall".....Moore
   Miss Marcella Reilly. Accompanied by Mrs. Clara Murray on the harp.
6. Tenor Solo, "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me".....Moore
   Mr. William Barron.
7. Contralto Solo. "The Meeting of the Waters".....Moore
   Miss Alice Coffey.
8. Address, "The Poets and Poetry of Ireland".....
   John F. Finerty.
9. Organ Solo, Fantasie on Moore's Melodies.....
   Mr. Wm. Middelschulte.
10. Contralto Solo, "The Wearing of the Green," By Request.....Boucicault
    Miss Kate Coffey.
11. Recitation, "Dawn On the Irish Coast".....John Locke
    Mrs. A. D. Spence.
12. Quartette, "Erin the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eye".....Moore

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Reserved Seats, Parquet and Parquet Circle, 75 cents. Dress Circle, 50 cents. Balcony, 25 cents. Boxes- First Floor, $5.00. Dress Circle, $4.00. Balcony, $3.00.

The Box Office at Central Music Hall will be open for the sale of Reserved Seats one week prior to the entertainment.

B. CURTIS, Chairman Committee of Arrangements. W. C. McCLURE, Sec'y.

Killed by a Baseball.

Simon A. Cummings, of No. 43 Goethe street, was standing behind the catcher in a game of baseball, at Holt street and West North avenue, Sunday, when he was hit on the head by a pitched ball which passed the catcher. He was slightly stunned, but after bathing the painful bump he thought little of the accident. Monday morning he died of concussion of the brain. Dr. Moffat certified that death resulted from that cause and a verdict of accidental death was returned by a coroner's jury Monday afternoon. Cummings was a clerk in high standing in the foreign exchange department of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank.

Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p.m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire. St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a.m. At 10:45 p.m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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Owing to the crowded condition of our warerooms, occasioned by a great number of upright pianos which we have recently taken in exchange, we now offer at

REMARKABLY LOW PRICES

the following named uprights, many of which are practically new:

1 Weber.	1 Knabe.
1 Gerold.	1 Chickering.
1 J. P. Hale.	1 Lyon & Healy.
1 Kranich & Bach.	1 J. & C. Fischer.
1 J. Bauer & Co.	1 Behning.
1 Hallett & Davis.	1 Marshall & Wendell.
1 Geo. Steck & Co.	1 Kroeger & Sons.
2 Mason & Hamlin.	1 Bradbury.

Some unusual bargains are to be found in the above stock.

$100	$100
Several Parlor, Concert and Baby Grands,	$100 and upward.
1 Weber (Parlor Grand)	1 Bechstein (Parlor Grand).
1 Knabe (Parlor Grand)	1 Ladd & Co. (Baby Grand)
1 Hallett & Davis (Parlor Grand)	1 Steck & Co. (Baby Grand)
1 Chickering (Concert Grand)	

All in good order, from $100 upwards.

Choice assortment of new pianos to rent.

Nearly all makes of SQUARES $50 and upward.

Immense stock of high and medium grade new pianos.

Prices and terms to suit all buyers. Correspondence and inspection invited.

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LYON, POTTER & CO.,
174 and 176 Wabash av.
174 and 176 Wabash-av.

A MOTHER'S GOODBY.

Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy,
You have only a moment, I know;
But you will stay till I give you my parting advice,
It is all that I have to bestow.
You leave us to seek for employment, my boy;
By the world you have yet to be tried;
But in all the temptations and struggles you meet,
May your heart in the Saviour confide.

You will find in the satchel a Bible, my boy;
It is the book of all others the best;
It will teach you to live, it will help you to die,
And lead to the gates of the blest.
I gave you to God in your cradle, my boy,
I have taught you the best that I knew,
And as long as his mercies permit me to live,
I will never cease praying for you.

Your father is coming to wish you goodby;
Oh, how sad and how lone we will be!
But when far from the scenes of your childhood and youth
You will remember your father and me.
I want you to heed every word I have said,
For it comes from a heart filled with love;
And, my boy, if we never behold you on earth,
Will you promise to meet us above?
Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right,
Wherever your footsteps may roam;
Oh, forsake not the way of salvation, my boy,
That you learned from your mother at home.

—Our Visitor.

A DILEMMA.

Mr. Bertram Lamar sat on the arm of a chair in the hall of the hotel at Scarborough and idly swung his foot. Mr. Lamar was bored. An extended acquaintance with this young man forces me to confess that he was not often afflicted in that way. We know that no man can aspire to be of the highest fashion without constantly experiencing the pangs of this distinguished ailment, and yet Mr. Lamar was unquestionably of the highest fashion. The most cursory glance would tell you this. Any one could see that he belonged to the best people, that he was used to the best people, that only the best people would be bearable to him. But now he was genuinely bored.

Ladies passed—old ones, who swept up the dust with trains, and who creaked as they moved, as if they wanted oiling; young ones in light frocks and wide, flowered hats cast a shadow over the clearest eyes. They kept banging open the glass doors and going out into the blaze of sun beyond, with a bursting into bloom of lace parasols, or coming into the cool of the hall, with the rustling, silken sheathing of the parasols suddenly furled and the tapping of little heels on the hard floor. He never glanced at them. But they did at him—swiftly, obliquely—from under their hat brim, out of the shadow. He looked away, with raised chin and indolently drooped eyelids.

There was one girl—she kept going to and fro—and as he looked on the ground he could see the hem of her dress and her feet. They were pretty feet in yellow shoes, small and pointed. Mr. Lamar found himself ruminating. "Suppose the head is as pretty as the feet. But it never is. There's a law of compensating which prevents that. The head which belongs to those feet is thirty-five." And he looked up. The head matched the feet to perfection. Mr. Lamar felt that he didn't look bored any longer. Rather, however, than sacrifice this dearly bought and enviable condition of being, he turned his back on that enchanting head, and sauntered into an adjoining room. There would be no one to look at there.

The room was empty, cool and dim. It had oak chairs and tables and writing desks, sea green walls and a great window opening on the balcony. Outside there were ladies of uninteresting ages sitting under a forest of parasols. Beyond were velvety sweeps of close cropped turf, dappled with short shadows shrinking to the tree roots. Splinters of dusty sunlight crept down the boles of the stately elms and trembled on the white dresses of passing girls. Mr. Lamar felt that he might gaze upon this prospect for on infinitude of time and remain bored.

But fate willed otherwise. As he entered the room he saw something on the floor near the table. He picked it up. It was a band about an inch and a half wide, covered with puckered yellow ribbon, and with one end run through a clasp of dull silver showing a monogram in small diamonds. There was a bunch of narrower yellow ribbon besides the clasp, each end finished with a little tongueless silver bell. It appeared to Lamar from some hanging filaments of thread that the two ends had once been stitched together. He looked curiously at his find.

"What can it be?" he mused, staring at it.

We have said that he was young, and came of the best people, and with the best people there is always a doubt as to whether they wear such vulgar things as stockings or possess such unmentionable things as legs. "Wings, not legs and feet, shall move them," as the poet gracefully expresses it.

Lamar first thought he would take it to the office, but curiosity compelled him to study it. It might be worn round the neck; but no, it was not long enough. He drew the severed ends together and held it off from him, eyeing it dubiously and reflectively pulling his small moustache. Oh, yes, of course. Now he saw. How dense he'd been! A bracelet. Holding it together he pushed his hands through it and it swung on his wrist.

"I don't think I ever saw a bracelet just like that before," he thought, moving it around and looking at it with his head on one side.

And then, as he looked at it, came a sudden flash of wakening light, and for a moment he stood staring at it in stupefied horror as it hung over his wrist. With the return of consciousness he crumpled it up and crushed it into his pocket. What should he do with it? If he took it to the office the owner would never dare to claim it. If he found out who she was he would never dare to offer it.

He could imagine the scene. A lovely and youthful lady is discovered walking in the corridors. To her appears Mr. Bertram Lamar in full evening dress, with a white pink in his buttonhole. Then, drawing a package from his pocket, Mr. Lamar presents it to her, murmuring, "Yours, I believe," and vanishes through a trap door.

The Lamars were famous for their chivalrous attitude toward the sex. What should he do to spare her feelings and his own? And he turned the cause of his perturbation over in his pocket.

Just then he heard a step outside—a feminine step. With a guilty start he retreated from the table, fell into a chair and seized the morning paper, in which he buried his head. Any one noting this fact would of course imagine that he slumbered, and feel themselves safe from espial.

"It is she," thought Bertram, seized with guilty tremors. "She has come to hunt for it," and he remained motionless.

So did she. There was not the slightest vibrating rustle from her silent figure. Bertram rattled the paper, stabbed a little hole through it with his finger and peeped at her. She was standing in the doorway peeping about the room, and she was the young lady with the yellow shoes. She was charmingly pretty in a light dress of striped flannel and a loose shirt of thin silk made like a boy's. Under the turndown collar was knotted a four-in-hand necktie of white pique, and about her waist was a woven silk belt clasped with a silver S. She was slowly sweeping the room with a long glance, only her head moving, her figure firmly erect, her right thumb in her belt and her left hand hanging by her side and lightly clasping a little leather thong which wound about her knuckles. As to her head—that lovely head with strong brown hair curling up crisply under her sailor hat, delicately rounded cheeks and gravely pouting lips—it was an image of soft, delicious beauty. At her side sat a little pug dog on its haunches, gasping and rolling its eyes.

She cast a hurried glance at the gentleman reading the paper and walked into the room looking intently about the floor.

"What would she say," thought Bertram, as she passed him in her search, "if I were to innocently ask her what she was looking for and gallantly offer to help her find it? But I'll spare her that."

She was certainly hunting thoroughly. She moved several of the chairs, drew up the lace curtains and looked under them and peered into all the corners.

When she had searched everywhere she straightened herself with a sigh, threw one last reluctant look about the room, and calling to the pug, "Come along, dearest; it isn't here," departed.

Bertram laid down the paper and looked after her. She appeared to him to have a singular amount of sang froid, also a very graceful back.

Mr. Lamar was not bored that afternoon. He was consumed with perplexity. How could he return the lost treasure to the owner without causing her embarrassment, without making her his enemy for life? If it had been anything else how delightfully he could have broken the ice with it! But to break the ice with that historic emblem—impossible!

"I must give it to her this evening," he thought. "I'll wrap it up in paper and tie one of the ribbons round it that are on that handkerchief case Milly gave me. Then, if she asks me—as of course she will—what it is, I'll say carelessly: 'Oh, nothing! Just a little trifle I think belongs to you. Don't hurry to open it. Have you noticed what a beautiful night it is?' And so I'll engage her in absorbing conversation. But if the conversation is not sufficiently absorbing and she begins to open it I must flee from the wrath to come. And when next I meet her, dying to speak or even bow to her, there will be a wall of ice raised between us. She will turn her profile toward me and become engrossed in the beauties of the landscape. Such is the irony of fate."

At 7 o'clock Mr. Lamar came slowly down the broad stairs, looking as handsome as the young Dionysius, in his dress suit, his shining shirt bosom and a white pink in his buttonhole. The hall was full of moving figures and a blaze of light and color.

Mr. Lamar was too perturbed to mingle with the gay, loud voiced, laughing crowd. He wished for solitude and directed his steps toward the little writing room. He had not wrapped the treasure in paper, not tied it with a ribbon from his handkerchief case. He had not done anything with it. He did not dare. The sight of its owner might inspire him to the desperate pitch of boldly offering it to her or suggest to him some cunning way of returning it without betraying the identity of the finder. With these ideas in his mind he carried it still in his pocket in company with his keys.

The gas in the writing room was not lit. Mr. Lamar went to the open window. Just outside it on the balcony was the young lady who had worn the yellow shoes. She was reading and rocking, her pug in her lap, and if she was pretty in her flannel morning dress words cannot describe her in a mist of fine black gauze cut square around her neck, and showing her arms to the elbow. Her skin was as white and flawless as a blanched almond. There was the gleam of a gold pin from the shadow of her dark hair, and a jewel hanging around her neck rose and fell with her quiet breath. As she read she absently pulled the pug's ears, which lay with its eyes half open and its head against her arm.

Lamar looked. She turned the page. The pug, disturbed, rose to its fore paws, gazed at her with an expression of idiotic fondness, and tried to lick her chin. She avoided this demonstration of affection by moving her chin from side to side, keeping her eyes still on the book. The pug continuing, she struck it gently, observing:

"Don't, you bad, little, abominable dog!"

"I beg your pardon," said Lamar suddenly from the window.

The lady looked up with raised eyebrows of polite inquiry.

"I have something of yours," said the young man desperately and in a low tone.

"Yes? What is it?"

"I—I—don't quite know. Or rather—Well—But—Um! I didn't like to leave it at the office. I thought"— He leaned out of the window with his closed hand extended. "Here it is."

She held out her hand, and he dropped it in. She looked and gave an exclamation of joy that caused the pug to jump to the ground.

"Oh, how glad I am! Thanks so much. Thanks awfully. I was afraid it was lost. Isn't that lucky?" and she looked affectionately at the returned treasure with her head on one side.

There was light enough to see her face distinctly. She did not exhibit a sign of embarrassment, not the ghost of a blush. Lamar felt a sudden chill of disappointment and disapprobation.

"You found it in there?" she said, indicating the writing room, and looked at him with frank, candid eyes. "Yes, there's where it was lost."

"I—I supposed so," said Lamar, with a wan smile.

"I looked for it myself this morning all over," she continued, "under everything, but it was gone."

"Yes," said the young man, with a fatuously inquiring air. "If she knew I was behind the paper she'd ask me why I didn't give it to her then and there, and what the deuce would I say?"

"I value this very much," she went on, turning it over in her hand.

"I should imagine so."

"You see, there is only one like it. There is not a single duplicate anywhere."

She looked smilingly into his face. Lamar stared at her in stupefied horror.

"Only one—did you say?" he managed to articulate in a faint voice.

"Only one," she repeated, nodding her head. "It was made to order."

There was a moment of silence. Lamar made no comment, but continued to stare vacantly at her. He was thinking: "It must have been an accident. She can't be a veteran of the war."

"When you have only one, and that such a pet," she continued, not noticing his silence, you like to have everything as pretty as possible."

"Yes, yes. Of course, of course," ejaculated Lamar, laughing idiotically. "If you have only one, I expect it must be somewhat of a treasure," he thought. Then he added boldly, but with the air of confiding a piece of news, "I have two."

"Two?" said the young lady, with vivacious interest. "What kind?"

Lamar looked askance at her in alarmed silence. Was she doubly afflicted? She was stroking the pug with the tips of her fingers, and there was nothing in her placid expression to suggest mania of any form.

"The same as everybody else's," he answered with some hauteur. "Are the people in this part of the country in the habit of managing with one?"

"As a rule, they have only one; it's so much less bother. Though, to be sure, I have a friend who has—let me see—yes, eleven."

"She must be a centipede," thought Lamar. "I seem to be encountering remarkable freaks of nature. There is a fortune waiting here for any one who wants to start a museum." Then he remarked aloud, regarding her with his head on one side, a tolerant, fond smile on his lips, "There must be quite an embarrass de richesse, especially when you're walking."

"They do get in the way," admitted the young lady, "but most of them are well trained."

"Very clever of them, I am sure," murmured Lamar, feeling that he was about to swoon.

There was another short silence, during which the girl continued to examine her restored treasure. Presently she said, musingly: "I see the threads are broken. She has broken them once before, though I don't see how she can possibly do it."

Lamar only stared and swallowed. She held his glance with a horrible, eerie fascination.

"You know she loves to run to me," she prattled on. "She ran away from me this morning, and when she came back it was gone. She must have crept under the table and not come out until she had got it off."

"Who is she?" asked Lamar in a troubled voice.

"She? Why, Bobo—my pug. Isn't she a beauty? Come up here, Bobo"—patting her knee. "I want to put your collar on, and show this gentleman, who was kind enough to return it, how pretty you look when you're all dressed up." She held the band around the dog's neck, and turning to Lamar, said with laughing archness, "Isn't it becoming?"

Lamar sat down on the window sill. He took up the morning paper and began to fan himself with it, though the evening had grown unmistakably cool.—Geraldine Bonner in New York Journal.

Wonders in the Equine Foot.

The foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in the whole range of animal structure. The outside hoof is made up of a series of thin, vertical laminæ of horn, about 500 in number. Into this are fitted about 500 more thin laminæ, which belong to the coffin bone, both sets being elastic and adherent. The edges of a quire of paper inserted leaf by leaf into another quire will furnish a good idea of the arrangement of the laminæ in all the feet, amounting to about 4,000. These are distributed in the most secure manner, and in a way that every spring is acted upon in an oblique direction. Verily there is a display of nature's wonder everywhere.—St. Louis Republic.

Mining in Japan.

The want of a sufficient supply of good quality ore in Japan has stood largely in the way of the country manufacturing its own armor plate. But the great wish of the nobility to make the empire independent of foreign manufacturers in case of war has led to large sums of money being expended in opening up the mining districts.—New York Times.

NO HOTEL IN TOWN.

A PLACE WHERE STRANGERS DO NOT CARE TO STOP VERY LONG.

The Only Hostelry in One Long Island Village Is the Insane Asylum, Where the Crazy Inmates Make Things Lively During the Night.

Newspaper reporters sometimes have unpleasant experiences in covering "assignments," and the writer had one of them in a little Long Island town not long ago. Some one had made serious charges against the manner in which patients were treated in one of the insane asylums at a place not a great many miles from this city. The reporter alighted from the train at a little station about an hour's ride from town and spent several hours in making inquiries for the information which his paper wanted, but of that it is not necessary to say anything here.

Being so near to the city and as it was early in the day he had not bothered himself about the time of trains, thinking it would be time enough to do this when he was ready to return home. Upon approaching the station when he was ready to return to town he was impressed by the deserted appearance of the building. He walked up to the door confidently and tried to open it, but it was locked. He looked through the window. There was not a soul in the building.

Thinking that the agent had gone away "between trains," the reporter sat down on the edge of the platform and waited half an hour, expecting every minute that the agent would come hurrying out of a small cottage which stood down the wagon road a few rods. Then the reporter walked down to the house with the intention of finding out when the next train departed for the city. A thin, palefaced woman, carrying a baby, answered the knock. Hanging to the skirt of her dress were two other children.

"Madam," the reporter said politely, "will you be kind enough to tell me where the station agent lives?"

The woman looked at him curiously for a few seconds, and then said slowly, "He lives here."

"Is he in?" was asked.

"No; he's gone to H—— to get some groceries," she answered.

"Who sells tickets when he is away?"

"Oh, he'll be back time 'nuff to sell tickets," she answered.

"Well, perhaps you can tell me what time the next train goes to New York?"

"Oh, there ain't no more train goes tonight," she answered. "The next train goes at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning."

This was a pretty kettle of fish. It was scarcely sundown yet and no way of getting back that night. The reporter inquired about a telegraph office. "There wasn't no telegraph office nearer than H——."

"How far is H——?"

"Well, I guess it's about six miles."

In answer to an inquiry where the reporter could get a horse the woman didn't know, because "Bill had the only hirin' horse that she knew of in the neighborhood." The reporter asked where he could stay that night.

"Well, people 'round here ain't anxious to take no strangers, 'cause a stranger that the Joneses took in a short time ago robbed 'em, but I guess they'd take you down t' the lunatic asylum."

"To the what?" exclaimed the reporter.

"To the lunatic asylum," she said again, at the same time pushing the door partly closed.

"Aren't there any hotels here?" asked the reporter in desperation.

"Nop," she answered shortly, as she closed the door.

The reporter made his way back to the asylum, which was about a mile distant. As he walked into the yard a grinning face appeared behind the bars of a grated window and the owner of the face screeched out:

"You got left, didn't you, you old fool?"

The reporter shut his teeth and continued on up the walk, while a big bull dog, which came around the corner of the building at that minute, eyed him suspiciously and followed closely at his heels until he mounted the steps and rang the bell. He explained the situation to a pretty maid in a white cap, who answered the ring. She called the superintendent and the story was repeated. He was good natured, and after laughing heartily at the misfortune of the reporter gave him something to eat and a bed. His sleep was restless that night and he got up with the sun the next morning and took the first train for the city.—New York Tribune.

The Cobra of India.

Among the true cobras of India the Naja is found all over India and Ceylon, Burmah, the Andaman islands, southern China and the Malay peninsula and archipelago. It ascends the Himalayas to an altitude of 8,000 feet. It extends also over Afghanistan and through Persia to the eastern shore of the Caspian. It may attain a length of nearly 7½ feet, but it is usually not more than a little over 5½ feet long. They vary much in color and markings but have generally the spectacle mark on the back of the neck, which they always distend before making an attack.—Quarterly Review.

Where Fuel Was Important.

Some English merchants observing that the Chinese and Japanese used thin flat iron boilers, which lasted a short time, ordered a consignment of thick English boilers, for cooking rice. Being much stronger and cheaper they were bought up, but a second cargo had no sale, it being found that the cost of fuel for the thick boilers exceeded the cost of repairing the native cooking implements.—Leisure Hour.

Captain Mitchell, of Chicago, known familiarly as "Old Mitch," is said to be the oldest sleeping car porter in service on the road. He is sixty-eight years old and has been employed by one company for seventeen years.

FATE OF A SAMOAN HERO.

The Tattooed Body of a Native of Samoa Used as an Advertisement.

Coroner Wally and his partner, Mr. Rollins, possess at their place of business a decidedly novel, weird and ghastly advertisement. In the corner of their back room stands an ordinary looking pine box, such a one as is used to place around caskets in the grave. It stands upon an end and hinges are at the side. A lid is opened and a startling sight is revealed.

Standing erect, with hands folded in front and dressed in no raiment except a similar garment to the one used by the Yuma Indians (when they use one), stands the dead body of a Samoan tattooed warrior who was known during life as Letungaifo, and who died at St. Luke's hospital. The body was taken to Coroner Wally's on the day of death, and he had it embalmed. The eyes are open and the black hair and slight mustache bristle out with peculiar fierceness. From the waist to the knees it has been tattooed with blue ink, so as to resemble a pair of knee pants, it being one of the peculiar customs of the country from whence he came to so decorate the body of every male as soon as he arrives at man's estate.

From the peculiar history of the lonely Pacific islander, who, it seems, risked his life and assisted in saving the lives of United States man-of-war's men during the terrible cyclone that swept over the island in March, 1889, it would seem that the government alone owed a debt of gratitude to him, to at least put him in a proper resting place. Letungaifo was one of five Samoans brought to this country by R. A. Cunningham Aug. 1d, 1889, and was to have exhibited with them in this city, but owing to his health he was sent to the hospital, and a few weeks after the departure of his countrymen he died. In obtaining these five Samoans Mr. Cunningham had great difficulty, as Mataafa Malietoa, the king of the islands, will not allow any of his subjects to leave, claiming it contrary to their law and custom.

In the terrible cyclone in March, 1889, when the American men-of-war Trenton and Vandalia were wrecked in the harbor of Pago-Pago, in the island of Tutuila, the natives rescued the sailors by making a human line out to reach them, thus enabling them to get to the shore. On this occasion Letungaifo particularly distinguished himself for feats of bravery in saving the lives of several of the crew.

It was after this Cunningham attempted to get the men away. They sailed from the island of Upolu in an open boat, intending to intercept the Oceanic steamer from Sydney to 'Frisco, but a terrible storm arose, and after near'y being capsized and suffering all manner of hardships they were compelled to put back into the harbor of Pago-Pago.

This was on Saturday, and the next day being Sunday all were released to attend church, as the authorities did not think anything would sail on that day. Cunningham, however, learned that the United States ship Almeda was shortly to sail with the sailors who were wrecked during the hurricane, and hastily getting the men together who were anxious to come on board they were secreted and thus escaped to America, being the first of their race to leave their native country.—Denver Republican.

Burke's Grasshopper.

Sir Philip Francis once waited upon Edmund Burke by appointment, to read over to him some important public documents. He found Mr. Burke in his garden, holding a grasshopper and observing it attentively.

"What a beautiful creature is this!" said Burke. "Observe its structure—its legs, its wings, its eyes."

"How can you," said Sir Philip, "lose your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many objects of importance to attend to?"

"Yet Socrates," said Burke, "attended to a much less animal; he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in a skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length. Let us see."

"My dear friend," said Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry; let us walk in and let me read my papers to you."

Into the house they walked. Sir Philip began to read and Burke appeared to listen. At length Sir Philip, having mislaid a paper, a pause ensued.

"I think," said Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed that locusta, not cicada, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What's your opinion, Sir Philip?"

"My opinion," answered Sir Philip, gathering up his papers and preparing to go, "is that till the grasshopper is out of your head, it will be idle to talk to you of the affairs of your country."—Youth's Companion.

A Modern Miracle.

There lived in the vicinity of Bergerac a parish priest who was greatly beloved. His parishioners decided upon getting up a subscription to present him with a cask of wine. One of the inhabitants supplied the cask, and each of the rest came and poured in two litres of the produce of his vineyard. One day last week our cure invited some of the subscribers to dinner, in order to taste the beverage which formed a compound of all the wines grown in the district. The servant went to turn the tap, and came back with a decanter full of water in her hand.

"Whatever is that?" was the general cry.

"This is the wine out of the barrel."

His reverence could not make it out; it was altogether puzzling! The guests were splitting with laughter. Each one had thought to himself that the presence of two litres of water would not be detected in a butt of wine, but, as it happened, they had all acted on the same idea.—Petit Liegeois.

Propitiating the Sea.

The Chinese used to make a practice of flinging men overboard during storms, and as late as the year 1730 a number of persons were publicly killed in one province in order to prevent the tide from rising higher and overflowing certain dikes.—Washington Star.

A PRIZE PICTURE PUZZLE.

The above picture contains four faces, the man and his three daughters. Anyone can find the man's face, but it is not so easy to distinguish the faces of the three young ladies.

The proprietors of **Ford's Prize Pills** will give an elegant **Gold Watch** to the first person who can make out the three daughters faces; to the *second* will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings**; to the *third* a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, 16 yards in any color; to the *fourth* a **Coin Silver Watch**, and many other prizes in order of merit. Every competitor must cut out the above puzzle picture, distinguish the three girls' faces by marking across with lead pencil on each, and enclose same with fifteen U. S. two cent stamps for one box of FORD'S PRIZE PILLS, (which will be sent post paid, duty free), addressed to THE FORD PILL COMPANY, Wellington St. Toronto, Can. The person whose envelope is postmarked *first* will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. To the person sending the *last* correct answer will be given an elegant **Gold Watch**, of fine workmanship and first-class timekeeper; to the *next to the last* a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings**; to the *second* to the last a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, 16 yards in any color; to the *third* to the last a **Coin Silver Watch**, and many other prizes in order of merit counting from the last. **WE SHALL GIVE AWAY 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS** (should there be so many sending in correct answers). No charge is made for boxing and packing of premiums. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month. Extra premiums will be given to those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicine. Nothing is charged for the premiums in any way, they are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise Ford's Prize Pills, which are purely vegetable and act gently yet promptly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, dispelling Headache, Fevers and Colds, cleansing the system thoroughly and cure habitual constipation. They are **sugar coated, do not gripe**, very small, easy to take, one pill a dose, and are purely vegetable. Perfect digestion follows their use. As to the reliability of our company, we refer you to any leading wholesale druggist or business house in Toronto. All premiums will be awarded strictly in order of merit and with perfect satisfaction to the public. Pills are sent by mail post paid. When you answer this picture puzzle, kindly mention which newspaper you saw it in. Address THE FORD PILL COMPANY, Wellington St., Toronto, Can.

Carlyle and the Bride.

We were inside passengers by a mail coach, and before it started a young bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon joined us. The bride was charming, and Carlyle courteously talked to her about sight seeing and the pleasures of traveling, mounting at times to higher themes, like a man who never had a care. He got out of the coach for a moment at a roadside inn, and the bride, whom I happened to have known at Belfast, from whence she came, immediately exclaimed, "Who is that twaddling old Scotchman who allows no one to utter a word but himself?"

I was so tickled by this illustration of the folly of scattering pearls in unsuitable places that I burst into a guffaw of laughter, which was not easily extinguished. In the evening Carlyle asked me what I had been laughing at so boisterously. I told him, expecting him to be as much amused as I was. But philosophers, I suppose, don't like to be laughed at by young brides, for he was as much disconcerted by the incident as a bean of four and twenty.—C. Gavan Duffy in Contemporary Review.

Faster Trains to Come.

That the speed of passenger trains in this country is destined to rapidly increase in the near future seems certain. There is nothing in railroading that renders such large and quick returns to the management as catering to the wants and desires of the traveling public. Nothing so fully exemplifies this as the immense change that has taken place in the past five years in the equipment of through express trains from the seaboard to the west and southwest.

The luxury and comfort that can today be obtained on one of the many limited trains passing over any of the great trunk lines is in strong contrast to what was furnished five or six years ago, and it would seem that there was not much room for further improvement in that direction. What the public are now seeking, and what will certainly be furnished, is fast time; and that this is appreciated by railroad managers is well evidenced by the large sums that are now being spent to perfect the roadways of the more important lines.—Scribner's.

It Must Have Been Chilly.

A Georgia man was in Waterbury during a cold snap. He had just arrived from the sunny south and his pores were all open. He slept at the Scoville House when the mercury went below zero and the wind blew a mile a minute.

"Why," said he, telling of it in his pleasant southern accent, "the chambermaid gave me some extra blankets because I was from the south. I wore all my underclothes and piled my clothing over the bedclothes.

"Then I put the contents of my satchel over all and piled the satchel itself on top of that, and weighed it all down with the crockery and furniture. If I could have got the door off its hinges I'd have put that on too.

"Blame me, seh, 'twas as cold in that bed as it ever was on Plymouth rock."

Another southern man who lives here says that Georgian is sure to go home and tell lies about this climate which will give the whole state a chill.—Waterbury American.

Judging a Man.

It is safer to judge a man by his walk and conversation woven together rather than by the warp of his walk or the woof of his conversation alone.—Good Housekeeping.

SACRED TALISMANS.

CAREFULLY GUARDED STONES AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

The Greatest of These Awe Inspiring Relics is the Ulasutti, a Transparent Stone About Which Innumerable Stories Are Told—Its Owner.

Stones endowed with magic powers have held an important place in the world's relief from the days of the oracular stone in the breastplate of the ancient Jewish high priest down to the Lee legend and the murrain stone of modern times. The Cherokee medicine men make use of several stone talismans commonly crystals found among their native mountains. One is a translucent purple stone about an inch long. with a sharp point. With this the conjurer claimed to be able to find lost or stolen articles, or to tell the whereabouts of game in the mountains.

To illustrate the matter a coin was thrown into the grass at random while he was not looking, and he was told the money was lost. He could find it. Procuring a string about a yard long he tied one end of it around the middle of the stone. Then holding the stone suspended so as to swing freely, he set it whirling in a circle with a stroke of his finger, at the same time reciting in an undertone some secret formula. The stone revolved rapidly, then more and more slowly, and stopped with the point toward the north. He walked a few feet farther in that direction, gave the stone another twirl, and again repeated the formula, explaining that it must be done seven times, and that on the seventh trial the stone would point to the exact spot where the money was lying.

Having gone through the whole performance, he finally halted at the wrong place. After hunting in the grass for some time he was obliged to give it up. He declared that his failure was due to the fact that the stone was not fastened as it should have been. The other Indians said that the stone was all right, but that the man was a liar, which was perfectly true, and that, although a pretty good doctor, he knew nothing of magic. They asserted that in the hands of certain conjurers, whom they named, the charm never failed.

To obtain a knowledge of future events they use another talisman. They put it into a bowl of water, where, according to their testimony, it moves about on the surface, following the direction of a knife in the hand of the conjurer, who all the time repeats his secret formula. Whipple describes that ceremony as he witnessed it among the western Cherokees forty years ago. The talisman was a small round piece of very dry bread.

The greatest of all Cherokee talismans is the Ulasutti (literally transparent) stone. There is no end to the stories concerning this stone, which the Indians invariably speak of in a half frightened manner, as children speak of ghosts. They assert that it is a magic scale from the head of a great horned serpent, with a body as large as a tree trunk and two blazing coals of fire for eyes, which lived ages ago and worked terrible destruction among the people until it was killed by a famous magician. In the encounter a single drop of the serpent's poisonous saliva fell upon the head of the slayer, whose hair was transformed into a mass of writhing snakes.

The Indians describe it as a triangular crystal, flat on the bottom and tapering up to a point, and perfectly transparent with the exception of a single red streak running through the center from top to bottom. It is evidently a beautiful specimen of rutile quartz, so exceedingly rare that the conjurer who can obtain one outranks all his rivals.

The stone must be fed, the Indians say, with the blood of small game every seven days—rubbed over with the blood of the animal as soon as killed. Twice a year it demands the blood of a deer or some other large animal. It is wrapped in a whole deerskin and kept in some secret cave in the mountains. Were the tribute of blood to be withheld or neglected the Ulasutti would issue from its hiding place at night as a great blazing ball of fire, and fly through the air to satisfy its appetite by drinking the lifeblood of the conjurer.

The original owner was afraid of it, and he changed its hiding place frequently, so that the stone might not be able to find its way out. When he died it was buried with him, as otherwise it would issue from its cave by night, like a fiery meteor, to search for his tomb night after night for seven years. But, if unable to find its owner, it would go back to sleep forever where he had placed it.

As far back as 1762 Timberlake heard of the stone with the wonderful story of its origin. He said that it was kept hidden in some place known only to two women, who refused to betray the secret. Adair, the celebrated trader, also speaks of it a few years later. The conjurer refused to let him see it for fear of profanation.

When consulting it as to any unknown or future happening the conjurer looks into the Ulasutti, and there sees mirrored all that he wishes to know, and by the action of the specter, or its position near the top or bottom of the talisman, he learns not only the event, but also its proximity in time or place.

It is believed that only one of these stones is in the possession of the eastern Cherokees. The owner has refused all inducements to show it. He said that he kept it hidden in a cave, wrapped in its deerskin covering, and that if he should expose it to the profane gaze of a white man he could kill no more game, even if he were permitted to live. It was very evident that he believed what he said, for no offer could change his determination.—New York Sun.

Spurgeon's Modesty.

Mr. Spurgeon once wrote to the archbishop for permission to drive through his park, inclosing a stamped envelope addressed "C. H. Spurgeon." The archbishop answered, writing "Rev." before the name.

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Miss Nellie Feirlop, the 18-year-old daughter of Edward Feirlop, of Pittsburg, and Howard Milliken, a 20-year-old bridge builder of the gas city, eloped to Cumberland, Md., where they were married. The girl's parents had objected to the marriage because of the youth of their daughter and Milliken.

The Redding and Shansta stage was held up by two masked men near Redding, Cal. The messenger refused to give up the treasure box and was shot dead. The driver and two passengers were seriously wounded. The robbers escaped with their plunder, $30,000, so it is said.

The confirmation by the city council of Ashland, Wis., of Mayor Durfee's appointment of E. R. Green as sanitary policeman is said to be illegal. There is a conflict between the old and new officers.

A new publication at Wesleyan university, Boston, to be called The Wesleyan Magazine, will appear in June. The editors will be F. V. Dubois of Philadelphia and R. A. Thompson of Glen Olden.

Washington dispatches say that Governor Boies' boom has been growing rapidly since the Iowa convention was held.

John C. Campbell, who pleaded guilty to embezzling $13,000 from Woods, Jenkins & Co. of Cleveland, has been sentenced to a six-year term at the penitentiary.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hastings st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langiois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 1701 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No.10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 S. Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 13—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 382 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 3d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 369 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 68, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hust, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonaux, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonaux; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demilaulez, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sennen, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 805 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Furs hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4493 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 309 Tallman av; E W Eye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; H H Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Logomis's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 39 Mohawk st; Jacob Litt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Suck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J E Lowzeau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Knoera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomasets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Paxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible] chell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 900 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Our Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Desquisa, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 5644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Hetarichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; R P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiersbech, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

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Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brusciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaeques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 2013 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 96 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 446 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3612 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 503 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2754 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 431 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
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T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
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The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

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County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first-st.
County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 533 Austin av.

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Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reardan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st. at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 378 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 349 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Donnehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p. m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 31st st; fin sec, Thos. Morse Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Pete Callaghan, cor Western & Archer avs; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larne Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Brooks st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May st

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JOHN F. FINERTY.

U. S. Pension and Claim Agent

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the final settlement of the estate of Garrett O'Connor, deceased, to Margareth O'Connor, Patrick O'Connor, Mary O'Connor, Hanora O'Connor, Julia O'Connor and Timothy O'Connor, heirs at law of said decedent.

Take Notice, that on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, the undersigned will present to the Probate Court, at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, my final account, as Administrator of said estate, and ask that the same be approved; that said estate be declared settled, and the undersigned discharged from my said office, at which time and place you are notified to be present, if you so desire.

Chicago, May 26, A. D. 1892.

TIMOTHY O'CONNOR, Administrator.

JAS. McENERNY, ATTORNEY, ROOM 1108 UNITY BUILDING 79 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph J. Sullivan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 23, 1892.

CHARLES J. SULLIVAN, Administrator.

James McEnerney, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN GAHAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Gahan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 10, 1892.

JAMES WALLACE, Administrator.

David Sullivan, Attorney

GEORGE B. HENNESSY, ATTORNEY, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss.—Superior Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1892. Martha J Eldridge vs. Frank N. Eldridge. In Chancery. No. 139,542.

Affidavit of the non residence of Frank N. Eldridge, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said Frank N. Eldridge that the complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court, against said defendant, returnable at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of June next (1892) as is by law required.

Now, unless you, the said Frank N. Eldridge, shall personally be and appear before said Superior Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof to be holden at Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of June, 1892 and plead, answer, or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill.

P. McGRATH, Clerk.

George B. Hennessy, Complainant's Solicitor.

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